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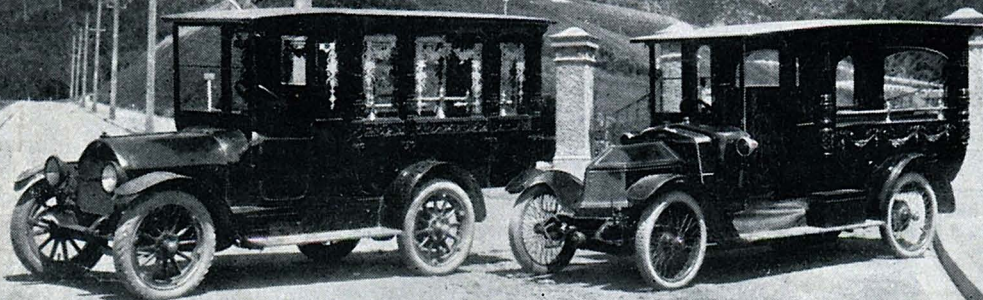
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VOL. 2.—No. 5.

WELLINGTON 1ST MAY, 1922..

PRICE SIXPENCE.

GOOD PICTURES.

No one in New Zealand who patronises the "movies" regularly—and they are legion—can fail to have noticed what a marked improvement has taken place in the quality of pictures presented during the last three months. If that experience can be taken as an augury for the future, there is a particularly bright time looming for picture fans, for the screen products lately have been up to the highest standard in every way. There has been a fine discretion exercised in the stories, the acting has been exceedingly good, and even great in some instances, and the production has been fitting in every case—that is to say, that brains have been allowed to rule rather than encouragement being given to the whims of those stars, whose opulence is such that they can afford the luxury of a private studio, for private productions of their own particular fancies. We have a notion that such indulgence will run its course very quickly, for on the real or screen stage—they are all alike—stars can never get it out of their heads that the public can get enough or too much of them. In no instance where the producer has been subordinate to the star has a great picture been produced, nor will it ever be. "The looker-on sees most of the game" is a very old saying, and it holds good in the making of pictures. Notably good pictures, grave and gay, which have come under attention during the last month have

been Griffith's "Way Down East," "The Affairs of Anatol," with a surprising all-star cast; "The Kid," in which Chaplinesque humour is cleverly blended with pathos; "Molly O," which sees Mabel Normand at her best; "Conflict" with the indefatigable Priscilla Dean; and "No Woman Knows" based on the clever Edna Furber's story, "Fanny, Herself."

It is scarcely necessary to say that these pictures have been drawing all kinds of money. "Way Down East" broke all records by running over four weeks in Wellington, and the Chaplin film had completed its fifth week at the time of writing. "The play's the thing," whether it be on screen or stage, and we are now getting the finest quality in screen productions that the world can offer.

A THEATRICAL EVENT.

ONCE again the theatrical cards have been shuffled in Australia. This time Mr. Hugh J. Ward resigns his interest in J. C. Williamson, Ltd., and forms a company—an entirely new enterprise—in which Messrs. Sir Benjamin Fuller and his brother John, and no less a personality than Melba are concerned. What this foretells for the theatre-lovers only the future can tell, but Mr. Ward evidently played his cards well, for no sooner had he completed the dress rehearsal of "Johnny, Get Your Gun," than Hughie got his gun and fired in his resignation, making a full statement detailing his intentions of hiking off to America to secure new plays for the latest company.

We are in the possession of information to the effect that he will be joined at San Francisco by Benjamin Fuller, junr., who will proceed to New York and London in search of the very latest attractions, which may be anything, we are told, from grand opera to vaudeville, not omitting concert artists, so that it is evident the new company intends to buck the Williamson-Tait management in all its branches. It looks for the moment as though the public will be the gainer by this vigorous competition, but the years may reveal that it is only the prelude to an even greater combination of interests than exists at present. You never can tell.

A Producer in New Zealand

Among the recent arrivals from Home by the Remuera was Mr. Jack Lovelace, a cinema producer of standing in America and England, who has certain well-defined ideas about utilising New Zealand splendid backgrounds for the production of pictures, which he is quite confident will find a market overseas. Mr. Lovelace states that he was the producer of "The Cheat" (with Sessue Hayakawa), "From the Manger to the Cross," "Closed Doors," "Through the Mirror" (with Mary Pickford), "Sand" (with Bill Hart), and many others, and says that he has taken pictures in most parts of the world. His initial idea is to form a company to set up a proper studio, at a place to be selected, and then to set right in and train his staff and players. He does not want actors and actresses of experience, arguing that they have preconceived notions as to how they should look and act, which notions do not always agree with those of the producer. Mr. Lovelace appears to be quite sure that there is a future for picture production in New Zealand.

The Taylor Murder.

Dead Man of the Highest Character.—Sheep-farmed in New Zealand.—Dull Time in the Studios.
"The Sea Hath its Charms."

(By BERYL CATON.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 28, 1922.

The movie game is certainly having a bad run just now. No sooner has the upheaval caused by the Arbuckle scandal subsided than a fresh sensation comes in the shocking murder of William Desmond Taylor, famous director, at his Hollywood home. Not that there is an analogy between the two cases, for Taylor was a man of the highest character and integrity, representative of the best and most admirable section of the Hollywood community, and from what clues are available at the time of writing apparently met his death at the hands of a powerful "dope"-peddling ring, as a reprisal for his determined fight against the growing menace of the drug evil. But the "Yellow Press" here cares nothing for character if there is a chance to increase its sales by cheap sensations and so every scrap of the dead man's private papers and belongings have been dragged forth, and any movie star who, by letter, photo, or anything else could be connected with him (and he had many friends, being a man of rare personal charm) has been subjected to interviews, at which the questions and innuendoes of the reporters all tried to smirch the character of Taylor, his profession, and everything and everyone connected with it. So well, in fact, has this section of the press succeeded that from all parts of the country have come editorial protests and fresh condemnation of the whole industry, so much so that the originators now find themselves forced to the necessity of rushing to the defence of everything they have been traducing, lest this lucrative industry—Los Angeles's biggest business—should be lost to them altogether.

Taylor, who was an Englishman, and incidentally spent a couple of years in N.Z. farming in the Auckland province before he came to U.S.A. and felt the lure of the picture game, served with distinction with the Canadian forces during the world war, and was therefore tendered a full British military funeral; at which, thanks to the press publicity aforesaid, the beautiful words of the Church of England service were drowned by the howling and battering of the mob outside, who rushed the church in their struggles to see the movie stars who had come to pay a last tribute to their friend. Mabel

Normand, who was one of Taylor's closest friends, and was with him within an hour of his death, has been the chief recipient of these press attentions, in addition to being severely "grilled" by the Police Department, with the result that she is now in retirement in a very serious state of collapse. Douglas Maclean and his wife, and Edna Purviance, who were Taylor's immediate neighbours, as well as Mary Miles Minter, Claire Windsor, Antonio Moreno, Winifred Kingston, and Mack Sennett are also among those who have been drawn into the limelight over this most tragic affair.

Naturally, this new sensation served to kill the already waning interest in the Arbuckle case, and even the surprising 10 to 2 verdict for conviction at his second trial aroused only a languid comment. Over here, more than anywhere else we know of, the public wants its news served fresh and piping hot, and the jury that disagreed at the first trial killed Fatty's hopes of a come-back as effectively as if it had convicted him. Had he been acquitted then, the wave of public hysteria that showed itself in the kissing, flower-throwing crowds that greeted him on his release on bail, might even have carried him back to popularity despite the opposition of the censors and reformers—but he has now committed the unforgivable sin of remaining on the public stage long after the public has tired of him, and with the glamour once gone, he is merely a rather vulgar fat man, with a lot of unpleasant associations, and, as such, is inevitably destined for oblivion, whatever the outcome of the third trial may be.

Part-Time Studios

Whether these matters have served to upset the balance of the picture industry, or whether it is still suffering from the financial "gout" brought on by a too rich diet of over-high salaries, matters are certainly none too satisfactory, especially with the big studios. The only one of these working anything like full time is the Famous Players-Lasky, which seems to be trying to make a "corner" of all the stars let out by the other studios. Goldwyn is closed down completely for at least three months, and Tom Moore, the last of its stars to go, has followed Will Rogers to



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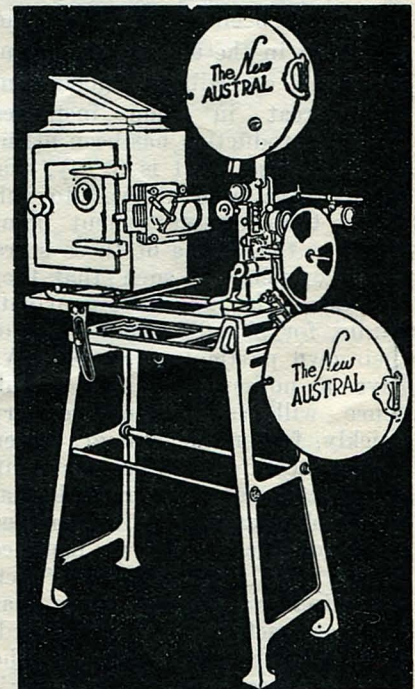
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the Lasky lot, where he is getting ready to co-star with Betty Compson in a Sir Gilbert Parker story. Metro is still closed indefinitely; Fox working only intermittently, Universal likewise. The day of the big studio seems to be passing. Meantime, German films continue to show with out opposition, though none of the recent offerings have even faintly approached the standard set by "Passion." By the way, Ernst Lubitch, famous as the director of the last-named picture, came to America with the intention of producing here, but, claiming that he was regarded as an "unfriendly person" by the American actors, and that he received several threatening letters, suddenly packed up and returned to Germany without getting as far as Hollywood.

A Hun Male Vamp

There is one Hun in America, however, who has every reason to feel pleased with his reception, and that is Count Erich von Stroheim, supervillain and he-vamp, whose long-awaited million-dollar production, "Foolish Wives," started last Wednesday at the Mission on what promises to be a record run. Von Stroheim, who plays the part of a pseudo-Russian count, with a speciality of vamping trusting females out of their money, sets a new era in screen villainy, outclassing even the most ambitious efforts of Theda Bara or Louise Glaum, and when, after progressing through a dazzling array of futuristic bathrobes and silk pyjamas he capped the climax by going to sleep under black silk bedclothes, the sophisticated first-night audience, composed very largely of the stars of the movie firmament, was moved to exclamations of surprise and admiration at his artistic turpitude. There may be many conflicts of opinion as to the merits of the story itself, but as regards the lavishness of the production, the brilliance of the direction, the marvellous sets, and the wonderfully clever acting of the cast, headed, of course, by von Stroheim himself, there can be no argument whatever. The principal female lead is played by Miss Dupont, daughter of the multi-millionaire powder manufacturers of America. Duponts, by the way, are stated to be coming back into the movie game again, via Goldwyn, with whom they were previously associated, but withdrew through dissatisfaction with the financial management of the corporation, which withdrawal was mainly the cause of the decline of the Goldwyn star.

"The World's Mistress"

Coming back again for a moment to the matter of foreign films. Cecil de Mille, who has just returned from an extended European tour, accompanied by a remarkably efficient attack of rheumatic fever, has also brought a stupendous European production in 25 reels,

entitled "The World's Mistress," which is to be released in five weekly instalments of five reels each.

Sea Pictures

Everything in the movies seems to run in cycles, and the present one seems to be a sea cycle, to judge from the crop of stories with a nautical setting which are showing or to be released. Dorothy Dalton's latest "Moran of the Lady Letty," is a real seafaring romance, with a girl mate, a mutiny, and Rudolph Valentino as a shanghaied society idler. Then there is Harold Lloyd's first five-reeler, "A Sailor Made Man," and Dick Barthelmess's "The Seventh Day," and Hope Hampton's "The Isle of Dead Ships," and Anita Stewart's "Rose o' the Sea," and R. A. Walsh's "Kindred of the Dust," Katherine MacDonald's "The Infidel," Hobart Bosworth's "The Sea Lion," and half a dozen more that depend on the lure of the salt sea waves for their atmosphere. And while we are on the subject, we had a real bit of the sea atmosphere a week or two ago, when H.M.S. Raleigh, the flagship of the British West Indies Squadron, with Vice-Admiral Pakenham in command (the same Pakenham who formerly commanded our own New Zealand), spent a week in Santa Monica

Bay, and gave us a chance to put our foot for an hour or two on British territory once more. Incidentally, to disgress from our main topic for a moment, the Raleigh is the latest thing off the stocks, is 603 feet long (the longest vessel in the Navy), and on her speed trials, made on the way up from Panama, reached and maintained the very satisfactory speed of 35 knots per hour. Naturally, all the officers and crew (a fine, up-standing lot of men, every one of them wearing the 1914 star), were keenly interested in the Hollywood studios, and were afforded plenty of opportunities for seeing how pictures are made, and shaking hands with their favourite star. Admiral Pakenham himself visited the Lasky and Mack Sennett lots. On the latter he made the acquaintance of a couple of young bear cubs, which a Seattle admirer recently sent to Mabel Normand. The cubs, on their part, took a great fancy to the Admiral—so much so that one of them insisted on trying to climb the Admiral's leg, necessitating a hurried visit to the wardrobe department—also the application of several lengths of sticking-plaster. Among those who found their way on to the Chas. Ray lot, were several Cockney sailors, who, on being presented to Ray himself,



MISS ELLA SHIELDS.

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 "When Chloris Sleeps" (Samuels), by Galli-Curci.
 "By the Waters of Minnetonka" (Lieurance), by Dame Nellie Melba.
 "Ave Maria" (Schubert), by John McCormack.
 "Molly on the Shore" (Percy Grainger), Flonzaley Quartet
 "By the Brook" (Wetzgar) and "The Nightingale" (Donjon), John Lemmone, pianoforte accompaniment, by Dame Melba.
 Air for G String (Bach), by Mischa Elman.
 "Little House of Blessing" (Lohr) by Madame Kirkby Lunn.
 Sextette, "Lucia de Lammermoor," by Caruso, Galli-Curci, Egner, Journet, De Luca, and Bada.
 "Ave Maria" (Italian version), by the late Caruso.
 "Two Serenades" (Leoncavallo), by Caruso.
 "Ave Maria" (Kahn), by Caruso.
 "Had You But Known" (Denza), by Caruso.
 "The Ride of the Valkyries" (Wagner), Philadelphia Orchestra.

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proceeded to tell him how they had enjoyed his films. Said one: "I enjoyed that one of yours I saw at Bermuda — 'Only Two Seconds More,'" while another said he preferred "The Egg Crate Bash." Charlie, having missed the advantages of a Cockney education, was thoroughly puzzled until a bystander elucidated that they were referring to "Two Minutes to Go" and "The Egg Crate Wallop."

Pauline Frederick's Marriage

One of the biggest surprises of recent months has been the marriage of Pauline Frederick, who slipped down to Santa Ana, the Gretna Green of California, with her second cousin and childhood sweetheart, Dr. Chas. A. Rutherford, of Seattle—accompanied only by four intimate friends as witnesses. Maybe it was only a coincidence that the wedding took place on the night that her ex-husband, Willard Mack, with his new bride (formerly Beatrice Stone, actress) opened a vaudeville entertainment at Pantages Theatre here! Well, here's wishing Pauline lifelong happiness in her third matrimonial venture—no one could deserve it more. Mack's season here, we may add, has just come to an abrupt ending, through one of his periodic "illnesses," which has confined him in hospital—the same sort of "illnesses" that were the basis of Pauline's suit for divorce—so evidently Mack's fourth venture is hardly likely to turn out any more happily than the previous ones. Pity that so talented a man should have such an incurable failing!

Lottie Pickford Married

Another recent wedding was that of Lottie Pickford, who actually let Dame Rumour win out by marrying Alan Forrest. The wedding was quite a big social event, with brother Jack to give the bride away, "our Mary" as matron of honour, Hoot Gibson, Al Roscoe and Harry Cohn as ushers, and Doug., still sporting his D'Artagnan moustache, as master of ceremonies. The wedding party had great difficulty in getting away, owing to the huge crowds waiting outside. The wedding breakfast guests included Tom Moore and his wife, Mabel Normand, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, and Mary Miles Minter.

Scarcely was the wedding excitement over, when Doug. and Mary had to make a hurried trip to New York, where Miss Pickford is the defendant in a 100,000 dollars suit over her last contract with Famous Players. On his return, Doug., who seems to have decided to stick to costume plays, is to produce "Robin Hood," in which Enid Bennett makes her return to the screen as Maid Marian.

A New Stunt

Although it is easier to break out of Sing Sing than to break into the studios to see the movies being made, travellers to Los Angeles have an op-

portunity every Tuesday of seeing films in the making out at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, where the various companies take turns at doing scenes from their current productions, the proceeds going to the Disabled Veterans' Fund. Went out last week ourselves, and saw Norma Talmadge, supported by Conway Tearle, of the soulful eyebrows, Irving Cummings, and Rosemary Theby, do a scene from Balzac's "Duchess of Langeais," the most ambitious thing Norma has yet attempted.

The revival of old successes still continues. Mary Pickford is to re-film her greatest success, "Tess of the Storm Country." Fox also is to give us another version of "The Vampire," but so far has not decided who is to play the part that first brought Theda Bara into the public eye. Theda, by the way, has gone into vaudeville with her husband. Can you imagine Theda as a busy little housewife, mending hubby's shirts and baby's socks?

Bull Montana—Star

Who would you choose as the next actor due for starring honours? No—you're wrong—it's Bull Montana, of the famous cauliflower ear, who has signed a contract to star in two-reel comedy features. Up till now, Will Rogers has remained unchallenged as the homeliest star in the movies, but now he must hand over the crown and sceptre to the handsome "Boo."

Alice Brady's Divorce

After the marriage column, the divorce news is always in order, so it is now time to mention that Alice Brady has secured her separation from husband Frank Crane, and celebrated it by signing a contract with Famous Players-Lasky. She is due in Hollywood shortly to start work—so evidently the story must have lost the address, or something of that sort. Another interesting divorce case that has been settled recently is that of the Valentino's, which ended in matinee-idol Rudolph being awarded the decree against Jean Acker.

More Matrimonial Troubles

Matrimonial troubles are not the only ones the movie game is heir to. Take Marguerite Clayton, for instance, who is now suing Pathe Exchange and George B. Seitz for the trifling sum of 50,000 dollars for injuries received in a recent serial. She claims that during a scene, in which she was placed on a bell-buoy in a tank of water, with appliances to create the similitude of a storm at sea, the iron pipe which was being pushed out for Charles Hutchinson to swim bravely to her rescue on, struck her in the face, causing injuries which will mar her face and reduce her professional acting capacity. Apart from illustrating the risks run by the hapless heroines of the "to

be continued in our next's," the incident is a striking commentary on the real stuff of which our dare-devil serial stars are made. It is not so long since Helen Holmes, "the Railroad Queen," was sued for breach of contract because she objected to wetting her clothing in order to continue on a scene in which a double, acting for her, had effected a thrilling rescue in the rapids!

A New Star

There are not many new stars being created nowadays, which makes all the more interesting the announcement that Charles Chaplin is to star Edna Purviance, who has been his leading woman ever since she first entered the films in the old Essanay days. It is hinted that her first picture will be a costume play, and that Syd. Chaplin will direct it. It will be made at Chaplin's own studio, but no announcement is forthcoming as to who is to replace Edna as Charlie's lead.

Wedding Bells

We find we closed the matrimonial column too soon, for we omitted to announce that Edward Kimball, famous as the father of the divine Clara, and who usually appears in her productions, has taken to himself a bride — Mrs. Herman Whitaker, widow of the famous war correspondent and novelist. Wonder how Clara (who is nothing if not temperamental) enjoys having a stepmother, who, from her pictures, seems scarcely older than she herself.

Another forthcoming marriage is that of Harry ("Snub") Pollard, who is shortly to wed his leading lady, Marie Mosquini. The couple plan to take a honeymoon trip to Australia, where Pollard's parents are still living. By-the-bye, Toby Claude has just arrived here to take up work in films, and another heralded arrival is Lupino Lane. The British colony in the picture game is growing steadily all the time.

A Portable Outfit

It would be hard to find a spot on the earth to-day where moving pictures are not shown to-day. The latest device is a portable moving picture outfit, which is so light that it can be trailed all over the frozen north via dog sledge, so that now the Eskimo belles can learn to coiffure their hair a la Gloria Swanson, and the Eskimo bucks learn to swagger like Doug. Fairbanks. This may be termed reciprocity in the fullest sense—they send us canned salmon, and we send them canned "drammers."

IT IS NOT generally known that Will Rogers, the Goldwyn star, was once a member of the Australian institution — Wirth's Circus.



A Sonata Recital

Idealists are the units of progress in this world. In music there are so many who, unlike Charles Lamb, profess an admiration for the best in music, but are never seen when good music is offered them, even by those who are qualified to present it. They may go to hear Clara Butt, but no one would suggest that the great contralto has her eye on anything but the main chance. She—and I have no quarrel with her—is one of those singers who give the public what they want, and tarry not to experiment with something higher and holier. So the popular concert is the more certain medium of producing box office results than the classical concert, where the high imaginings of the great are made to live again. This is common knowledge. It was therefore with some gratification that I noticed that the Wellington Concert Chamber was nearly half-filled to hear the violin and pianoforte recital given by Miss Ava Symons and Mr. Bernard F. Page on March 30. It was with some small misgivings that I read the programme—three Sonatas by Handel, Beethoven, and Lekeu, two acknowledged geni, and one who was "blasted before his bloom," yet, withal, of the elect. Both violinist and pianist quickly demonstrated that they were au fait with the work presented. The Handel number was thoroughly characteristic of the graceful style and melodic grace of the German-English composer, being played with a suavity and feeling that commanded admiration. In the Beethoven sonata the superb depths of emotion, passionate and poignant, were expressed with uncommon beauty; but it was in the Lekeu sonata (composed by a pupil of Caesar Franck, who died when only 24 years of age) that Miss Symons and Mr. Page succeeded in completely captivating the audience by a splendid exposition of what is really a very beautiful and appealing contribution to the world's best music. They showed, in a marked degree, a fine affinity in interpretation, and earned at its conclusion something in the nature of an ovation. Their next sonata recital, on May 10, should attract an overflowing audience, for here we have two idealists, unafraid of expressing them-

selves in an age of jazz and ragtime too pitiable for words. We have long known the capacity of Miss Symons, but Mr. Page's mastery at the pianoforte was an awakening and delightful surprise.

Irish Concert in Wellington

St. Patrick's Night in Wellington saw the Irish assembled in full force at the Town Hall, with the N.Z. flag sharing equal honours with the Stars and Stripes on the choir rails. You can always trust the Irish for a good programme. They employ the very best talent, and give full measure for the prices charged. This concert was no exception to the rule. Miss Mabel Esquilant, Miss Winnie Fraser, Miss Eileen Driscoll, Messrs. Herbert Wood, G. Andrews, and the Lyric Quartet sang songs of Ireland with all the fervour of natives in a manner that met with entire approval. If asked to name the best items of the evening I should nominate Miss Esquilant in "Kate O'Shane," Mr. Andrews in "O'Donnell Abou," and Mr. Wood in "A Little Bit of Heaven." Mr. Goodall played a cornet solo with delightful suavity of tone, and



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Mr. L. Hanlon recited. The Marist Brothers' boys also sang pleasantly in chorus, and an orchestra, under Mr. W. McLaughlan, rendered airs redolent of the Ould Sod. The accompaniments were admirably played by Mr. Harold Whittle. There was also a four-handed Irish reel by a quartet of children, and shapely Thelma McKenzie tripped blithely through an Irish jig. Och, 'twas a foine concert entirely. "God Save Ireland" took the place of the National Anthem at the conclusion.

Coming of the Sistine Choir

The well-known Australian entrepreneurs, Messrs. E. J. and Dan Carroll, are to conduct the managerial side of the Sistine Chapel Choir tour, which will extend to New Zealand for one month. Mr. Leo. D. Chateau, the Carroll's New Zealand representative, reports having booked a splendid tour, which will take in, besides the four centres, all the provincial towns with a population exceeding 15,000. His Grace Archbishop Redwood and the Coadjutor, Archbishop O'Shea, have, through their respective secretaries, volunteered their best interest and encouragement, and there can be no doubt that the visit of this distinguished choir will mark a most notable event in the musical history of New Zealand. This Sistine Chapel Choir, which has won the homage of such masters as Mozart, Mendelssohn, Mascagni, Verdi, Gounod, and all the great conductors of the day, is composed of 60 voices. It is now in the fifth century of its existence, and the singing of the present members, trained by the great composer, Perousi, and conducted by the famous Monsignor Rella, is said to be a revelation. The whole of the programme will be rendered without the aid of any instrumental accompaniment, and will include a wonderful variety of music, ranging from joyous madrigals of ancient and modern times to ancient Requiems and Te Deums.

Rosina Buckman

Miss Rosina Buckman, soon to carol in her native New Zealand, is the only English-speaking singer that has ever been invited to sing at the Milan Grand Opera House, and it was arranged that the popular New Zealander should appear there in April this year, but owing to her Australasian tour, her visit there will probably have to be postponed until a later date. Miss Buckman is one of the few singers of the present day who has achieved great distinction both in grand opera and concerts—she is equally at home in both classes of work, and in the concert world she sings with the same remarkable success in oratorio, classical songs, and ballads. Recently the famous star sung three times in one week at the Queen's Hall, once at a symphony concert with orchestra, once in an oratorio performance, and the third

time at one of the Chappell ballad concerts. Miss Buckman is the idol of the Chappell Ballad audience, and Mr. William Boosey, the director of the concerts, wrote to her, when he learnt that she was to leave England for her Australasian tour, that he did not know how he was going to replace her, as she was their biggest draw, and there would be a big gap until her return.

Miss Buckman and Mr. D'Oisley will be supported by Miss Adelina, Leon the gifted English 'cellist, and that brilliant accompanist, Mr. Percy Kahn, who was here with Mischa Elman. The inclusion of two such consummate artists completes a happy combination.

According to advices received by Mr. E. J. Gravestock, Miss Buckman and Mr. Maurice D'Oisley were to have sailed from England for Wellington by the Ionic on April 9. That should mean that they will arrive in Wellington towards the latter end of May. The N.Z. tour is to be commenced in Auckland.

Hugh J. Ward and Melba

On behalf of Hugh Ward Theatres, Ltd., Mr. Hugh Ward announced on September 17 (says the "Sydney Morning Herald") that, after consultation with Dame Nellie Melba, they had agreed to bring to Australia some of the world's greatest concert artists. It would now all depend upon the arrangements of the artists whom he and Dame Nellie Melba had in mind. They were wanted in many parts of the world, but he would make a really great effort to bring them to Australia under his and Dame Nellie's joint management. "I am leaving by the Makura," said Mr. Ward, "with this strong purpose in mind, in an endeavour to secure all sorts of material. I have approached several of these artists before, but it seems that not only Europe, but North and South America, is open to them, and I found it difficult to make any definite arrangements. But with Dame Nellie Melba's association and assurance, I hope to arrange with some of them at least, as they have a great regard and interest for her, and as one of the world's greatest artists will have effect upon them, especially to assist her in her high endeavour to maintain only the highest standard of art in the concert world." Continuing, Mr. Ward said that Mr. John Lemmone would be associated with him and Dame Nellie Melba in the venture. It was necessary that a concert manager of his rare skill should assist in exploiting the artists they had in mind. Mr. Ward added that if he had fortune in the present venture, he and Dame Nellie Melba had in view a big musical scheme by which he was sure the public would be greatly benefited. This latest enterprise was due to Dame Nellie Melba's splendid encouragement and advice and wholehearted offer of assistance.

THEATRE TATTLE



"Penelope"

Somerset Maugham's comedy "Penelope" is being revived by the Marie Tempest-Graham Browne Company on the present tour. It is one of the most perfect light comedies written during the last decade, and in the hands of this company, every ounce is got out of it. "Penelope," who with the aid of her "sainted mother," and "noble father" straightens up her straying spouse in a manner so unusual and yet so effective, gives wives something to think about, and shows roving husbands that Maugham knows what he is talking about. Miss Tempest is at her best when given a full quiver of airy cynicisms and sarcasms to shoot at her victims. She does everything so perfectly—gesture, finger-play, inflection and expression—that there is no chink left in the armour of her artistry, for the most conscientious critic to cavil at. Mr. Browne is delightfully glib and whimsical as the philandering husband; and Mr. Ashton Jarry is capital as the "noble father." Mr. F. Allanby is to the manner born as a silly old toady, with an unconcealed weakness for the peerage and any pretty face that comes under his notice. Miss Marie Ney's bit as the doctor's widow is one of the broadest and most effective comedy scenes in the play.

Wirths' Circus

Auckland destroyed a £150,000 dock a few years ago for the purpose of making a triangular bit of waste ground. Wirths' Circus uses it once in two years, so the Harbour Board hope to recoup themselves—in time. Apropos "the greatest show on earth" times are so hard in the Queen City that all the people who clamoured to pay 7s. (and less) couldn't get in. A capacity crowd heaved its wealth at the pay cart, and influxes of people who couldn't get seats rushed in and stood in serried phalanx—blocking the view of the "settees." Even the stalwart shirt front and red handkerchief of Phil. Wirth did not curb the angry passions of the multitude, and the ticket cart paid back £50 to infuriated patrons. The Jap. troupe Uyenos are easily the most

diamantiferous astonishment, their manipulation and pedipulation paralyzing trained accountants who have juggled with figures for years. You may try the chief feat (not feet) of the chief Uyenos by lying on your back and spinning your offspring at 350 revolutions per minute with your toes. The elder Jap. (who speaks quaint English with a Yank accent) told me that in Japan it is considered impossible to obtain perfection in their art in one generation. He himself belongs to a family that has been exclusively addicted to tumbling, juggling, and equilibristic feats since the 15th century. The Uyenos are total abstainers from alcohol, not even the beloved "sake" of their ancestors tempting them. They are also ardent vegetarians. Prohibition politicians whose progeny for the next six generations eschew alcohol and flesh will be able to do treble handsprings and spin their lesser brethren from foot to foot.

Boyd, of Onehunga and his Motor "Zoo"

J. J. Boyd, of "The Anchorage," Evans Bay, is better known in Auckland than he is in Wellington, though he is quite well known in the Empire City, where he owns some 200 odd houses (chiefly in Kilbirnie South). In Auckland he is known chiefly as the proprietor of the Onehunga "Zoo," and the man who has fought the local borough council for a matter of 15 years—and it still fighting. The borough council thought they had beaten the old man when it decided that the animals must not be in the "Zoo" more than five days in any one week. They did not know their man. Mr. Boyd bowing to the borough ukase, at once converted his "Zoo" into an itinerant show; had motor vans built for the animals, a motor caravan fitted up with bunks, stove and every convenience, and it is now a common sight to see the Royal Oak "Zoo" out in the country, and performances of trained lions (11), bears and monkeys provide a unique show at 1/- and 6d. (amusement tax paid.) Saw the show arrive at Devonport (Auckland) recently, and who should be at the wheel of the leading vehicle but Mr. Boyd himself—off for a two days' season at Taka-

puna. Mr. Boyd tells me that his income is about £8000 a year. The "Zoo" as a travelling show did not always pay, but that did not matter. When he found that the farmers could not afford 1/6 to see his show, he lowered the price to 1/-, children 6d., and as he did not like the tax (1d. on the 1/-) he decided to pay it himself. His own son is the lion-tamer and trainer, and according to Mr. Boyd gives a very fine performance. Mr. Boyd also has a menagerie at Wanganui. Wild animals are his hobby, probably because he is the mildest, cleanest, and most straightforward of little men. Even when people in Wellington used to complain about the houses he built at Kilbirnie South, Mr. Boyd used to reply in the press, signing himself "J. J. Boyd, Jerry Builder." It was the same man who was permitted to wander about the camps behind Mons and Flers in 1915, giving away money to needy officers and men, and heartening up the weary and distressed. He may have been regarded as a quaint old eccentric, but many a British soldier has cause to remember the little man who always had his hand in his pocket, and was not averse to drawing it out well filled with francs.

On Circus Clowns

J'ever notice that nearly all circus clowns come from the North of England, and bring the jokes that were translated into English after the Norman Conquest? It is true that far the largest number of show-people come from Yorkshire or Lancashire, circus riders, tumblers, clowns, chorus girls, beauty actors, real actors, postcard actors, panto. "dames"—and REAL actresses. I do not complain of the hoar frost on the circus clown's jests, because if a clown exuded a new joke he'd be sacked. It



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Auckland 1st to 6th May
(return season)
Hamilton 8th and 9th May

N.Z. Rep. of Harry Musgrove—
MAURICE RALPH.

distressed me exceedingly when Wirths' clowns forgot the historic witticism, "Ere we are again!"

* * *

The Dixieland Cabaret

Auckland is going gay—been and gone and built a tremendous place with more windows than all the churches put together, and are calling it "The Dixieland Cabaret." Can't make out why we New Zealanders must imitate the Yanks even for a name. Well, Del Foster, who worked for J.C.W. for years and years (and may be working for 'em now, for all I know) is running the place, and I should say the special floor would take about fifteen hundred dancing couples. They've imported a jazz band with a genius for sound, have a "dansant" every afternoon, tea, tattle, and Tersichore. The concern, which is situated in Upper Queen Street, past the Town Hall, will teach movie fans the art of acting before a camera, individual and synchronised stage dancing, and so forth. The building is a dazzler. Del told me it's the biggest "cabaret" outside the United States.

* * *

"My Lady of the Cave"

"My Lady of the Cave," the all-New Zealand movie play, taken at Mayor Island, written by H. T. Gibson, M.A., and produced by Rudall Hayward, draws Maoris inevitably. Te Puke is the little place where Rau, the darkie who plays the big eunuch, comes from, and when the picture went to Te Puke the Maori population, believing that Rau was a fair dinkum hero, filled the hall in one minute, while their dark relatives clamoured outside. The outsiders demanded a sight of the picture, and the operator was kept going till the wee sma' 'oors, amidst the shouts of "Ae!" "Bosker!" "On its own!" "Boncer," and other Maori allusions. Poor old Gibson, a modest violet, told me the other day that its success almost frightened him.

* * *

The Maori as Actor

Observing the natural aptitude of Maoris for acting and the ease with which the mildest Hone who ever pocketed the red can simulate cannibalistic ferocity, I came to the conclusion that we don't implore the Maoris to come out and act, play, sing, dance and so on, because we are familiar with them. There is no breed of people who are more emotional or who can simulate emotion so well as the Maoris. All their social doings were staged and acted—from the reception of a tribe to eating a cousin and from dancing a haka to whining a tangi. A wahine heroine wouldn't have to glycerine when the villain had deserted her and her baby. She can cry without adventitious aids. As my friend Ngata avers, the Maori people are revitalising and breeding well—plenty of Maori actors and actresses.

"The Diggers."

What a record the Diggers have had! It isn't given to every theatrical company to be able to run for nearly five years and play in eight different countries to nearly a million people.

The management of the company readily recognise that the show must now stand entirely on its merits, and with that in view have engaged some fine artists.

Frank Perryn, comedian, was understudy to Geo. Robey at the Hippodrome, London. He is the possessor of a fine baritone voice, and is very versatile, his Italian impressions being excellent character studies.

Joe Valli is an important importation from England. He has been putting his sketch, "Tickets, Please," on at the Palladium in the foggy metropolis with great success, and it speaks well for the enterprise of the management that New Zealand is to be given an opportunity of seeing this very fine artist.

Frank Moran was well known as a comedian at the front. When the armistice was signed, Frank elected to try his luck on the English music-halls, with the result that he was kept busy until recently, when business reasons recalled him to Wellington, N.Z., and he was prevailed on to accept an engagement with the Diggers.

Bernard Beeby, the new baritone, is a valuable acquisition to the company, he having played lead with J. C. Williamson's "Maid of the Mountains" Company.

Ivan Marshall is a tenor singer whose songs are sure to be sung in every homestead.

Besides the artists mentioned, there are still some of the old favourites, including Stan Lawson, the misleading lady, Gus Dawson, the burlesque dancer, and Tano Fama, the captain of comedy.

An Innovation.

During the last few months Auckland theatre and picture habitues have been introduced to a breath of Australian enterprise in the shape of interval refreshments. We have become acclimatized to lollies as a happy interlude to an evenings entertainment, but, now, in dress circle, stalls and gallery we see the ice cream rapidly disappearing. Mr. Lon Symons has been responsible for the introduction of the innovation and his enterprise has won its own reward. The alluring ice-cream is served up in neat little cardboard boxes, with a sanitary wax covering and spoon thrown in. He has invested a considerable sum in machinery, and, under absolutely sanitary conditions, he is manufacturing not only the ice-cream product, but box and spoon as well. No doubt his activities will spread southwards when Auckland has thoroughly acquired the habit.

Making Magic for the Movies.

America is dry, but there is no Sahara. But let the ingenious movie director wish for Sahara and there is Sahara.

There are plenty of waste areas near the film colony at Hollywood, so when the location man at the Paramount studio was notified that he must find a desert for "The Sheik" now showing to capacity business in New Zealand, he jumped in a car and in five hours found a fine stretch of barren sand along the coast south of Los Angeles. Here was to be Sahara.

But that was only part of the problem. No desert could be complete without its oasis, and no self-respecting sheik would think of camping anywhere but near an oasis. And Miss Hull's "Sheik" was a regular chieftain of the desert. So there had to be an oasis.

Date palms do not grow in the sterile sands of the California coast. A movie studio is a veritable magic rug, however, and before the "Sheik" could get temperamental for his oasis Rudolph Bylek, Melford's chief technical expert, and a staff of carpenters and property men produced the date palms. They were made of fine strips of lumber, canvas and brown paint. Loaded on trucks, they were hauled to the desert, where they were "planted," to stand for two weeks, while Arab caravans sought their shelter from the burning sun.

Had Aladdin appeared upon the scene and rubbed his magic lamp and wished for a cool, beautiful oasis in the midst of barren wastes, he could hardly have hoped for more efficient service than that rendered by the human geni, who know the tricks of their trade to perfection. The mills in a modern movie studio grind surely and quickly.

Transplanting Sahara to the Californian coast was only one step in preparation for the scenes for the picture. The casting department had to gather 200 Arabian horsemen and 75 girls. And that isn't all. The horsemen had to have horses and the horses had to have saddles and bridles. Also there were camels to be found. Here was more work for the casting department and property men. Then the costume department got its share of work, for the dark-skinned men have to have their turbans and flowing robes, while the women must be supplied with silks and laces, rags, and coarser materials of a bright colour.

When all these details are completed, the director was ready to "shoot" the scenes. This is more easily said than done, for with hundreds of horsemen and "extra" people it is quite impossible for a director to be heard through a mere megaphone. Consequently George Mel-

ford employed a corps of buglers to blare out the signals for the "action." Then the desert locations became more like an army manoeuvring ground than a movie camp.

A Curious Coincidence.

Knowing that in launching the "N.Z. Theatre and Motion Picture," we had a friend and well-wisher in Mr. Will Lawson, a talented New Zealand poet, who deserves a lot more kudos than he gets, he was approached and asked to write something that would help. Good fellow that he is, he at once consented—and, like all true poets, forgot. That is fifteen months ago. On a recent day he was reminded lightly of his promise, which he promised to fulfil without delay. The next morning we decided that Miss Hope Hampton should be honoured by having her portrait on the cover of the present number of our journal, the picture she is to appear in being "Star Dust." One hour later Mr. Lawson's poem arrived in an envelope, and, with staggering strangeness, it was called "Star Dust." It should be explained that Mr. Lawson is not what anyone would designate a picture fan, and we are certain he had neither heard of Hope Hampton nor the Fanny Hurst picture that lady is to appear in shortly. We direct special attention to the poem, as the thought, which he has given so exquisite a setting, is an extremely beautiful one.

* * *

"Star Dust"

(For the "N.Z. Theatre and Motion Picture.")

Oh! white-robed ships that come and go,
Your sails are like the souls of men
That are bound fast in earth-ways low
Lest they soar home to heaven again—
Unurged, the earthly purpose tires;
Unbound, the soul too fast would fly.
It is the spirit which aspires—
That lifts dull minds towards the sky.

* * *

Earth clings to earth, dead dust to dust,
Star calls to star, and no man hears.
Yet linked with earth, the star-songs must
Quicken with magic all our years.
Fate in her wisdom made it so—
That these unlinked were useless, when

She chained to hulls and bodies slow,
The sails of ships and souls of men.

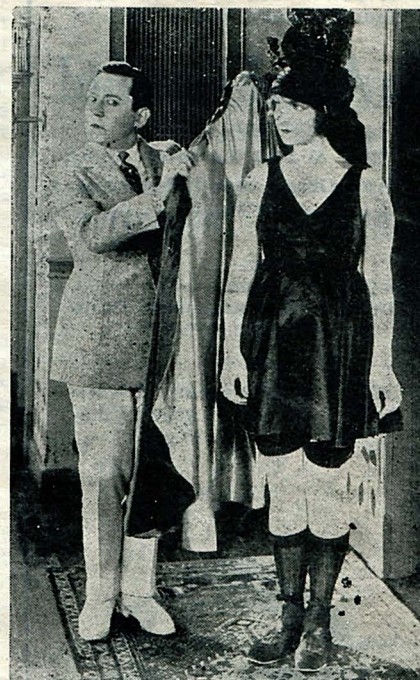
WILL LAWSON.

Wellington, March 31st 1922.

"Merrie England"

J. C. Williamson's Comic Opera Company inaugurate a tour of the Dominion this month in Auckland, when the exquisite English comic opera, "Merrie England," will be played for the first time in New Zealand. Composed by Edward German and written by Basil Hood, this is the opera that consoled the people of England for the loss of W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Its success in Australia was instantaneous and enthusiastic, as the following criticism in the "Daily Telegraph," Sydney, shows:—"Merrie England" is the greatest comic opera since Gilbert and Sullivan. Story of absorbing interest, with a delightful love romance interwoven. Every number is embroidered with pearls of melody."

The cast will include Chas. H. Workman in his original role as played at the Savoy Theatre, London. Miss Ethel Morrison has scored her biggest success as Queen Elizabeth. A. Howett-Worster, who has a big English reputation, and C. Mettam, Victor Prince, John Ralston, Molly Tyrrell, Patti Russell, Byrl Walkely, together with the famous chorus and orchestra of the popular Gilbert and Sullivan Company. Other operas to be presented are "The Chocolate Soldier," "Dorothy," "Mikado," "Gondoliers," and "The Yeomen of the Guard."



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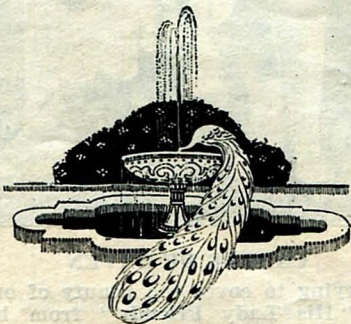
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WAITARA	May 17
INGLEWOOD	May 18
ELTHAM	May 19
STRATFORD	May 20
HAWERA	May 22 and 23

BERT. BOLTON, Advance Manager.

"The Blue Mountains Mystery."

Australia is moving along in the picture-making industry, and ever in the van is Raymond Longford, the producer of "The Sentimental Bloke," "Ginger Mick," and other good photo plays. In "The Blue Mountains Mystery," he essays a universal touch in the domain of mystery and romance, with a lively murder thrown in as tragic backbone. It is true that the pellucid air and hazy panoramas of the Blue Mountains, and the glories of Sydney's harbour are lavishly used as backgrounds, but there is no parade of that "Australian atmosphere" usually represented by a looney family living like animals on a drought-stricken selection. No, the story is one which could have occurred in California, Switzerland, or Wales. The story is adapted from "The Mystery of Mount Marunga," by Harrison Owen, and concerns the murder of a wealthy squatter whilst staying at Katoomba. Miss Marjory Osborne, a Sydney society lady, plays the adventuress, and Mr. John Faulkner the two Henry Traceys. Mr. Vivian Edwards is also in the cast as a handsome intriguer, working in with the scarlet woman. The play is most capably directed, and the photography of the highest class. Without any doubt, "The Blue Mountain Mystery" is one of the best dramatic pictures ever made in Australia.

"Confession"

Confession, so they say, is good for the soul. The old saying applies with considerable force and meaning to the National Film Corporation's picture, "Confession," which is being presented in New Zealand by E. J. and Dan Carroll. It is a gripping story, which hangs upon the elucidation of a revolting murder. The guilty party makes confession, but he is not the man who is believed to be the murderer (on the strongest circumstantial evidence). The most intensely dramatic situation arises out of the fact that the brother of the accused man is the priest, who has listened horror-stricken to the story of the crime from the murderer's own lips. Though sorely tempted, the priest must hold inviolate the secrets of the confessional, even though it means an ignominious and disgraceful death to the brother he loves so well. He prays for help and guidance—for a way out—but it is not until the very minute before the execution takes place that salvation comes. Henry B. Walthall gives a very fine emotional performance as the priest, his mobile face being a shining mirror of all the torturing emotions incidental to his Gethsemane.

Every advertisement in this magazine is that of a high class firm. Mention that you saw their advertisement in "The N.Z. T. and M.P." and thereby assist in the maintenance and development of this magazine.

Some Picture Anticipations.

"Scrambled Wives"

Marguerite Clark took a holiday for a whole year. Far too long, say all of us. But now she's back—sparkling, prancing through the delightfully humorous situations that flit continuously through "Scrambled Wives." She's the girl with "a past to hide" and ideas that simply won't behave." But the past becomes the present and mixes in on the future, and then the ideas crash. "Scrambled Wives" is her first production for First National.

* * *

"Courage"

"Stone walls do not a prison make; nor iron bars, a cage." Can the wife of a man serving a life sentence believe that and take courage from it. Or will she, in the passing years of



CHARLES RAY

in one of the many exciting moments in "The Midnight Bell."

separation, without hope of reunion with her husband, be overwhelmed in the conflict between loyalty and happiness? Drama springs strongly from that theme in Sidney A. Franklin's production, "Courage," which, in direction, acting and story-power, comes as close to perfection as the art of stage or screen has reached. Naomi Childers, Sam de Grasse, and a talented supporting cast are presented in this highly unusual, highly entertaining photodrama.

Welcome Thomas Meighan

Tom Meighan will again delight in "A Prince There Was," from George M. Cohan's play. Here we have the story of a rich young idler, who looked on life as only a hunting ground for pleasure, until a careless but kindly act towards a struggling girl makes him her hero—and he has to live up to it. Mildred Harris is the lovely girl who helps Tom to find himself; how she does so makes excellent entertainment.

* * *

"Red Courage"

In a screen version of Peter B. Kyne's story. "The Sheriff of Cinnebar," which Universal has titled "Red Courage," Hoot Gibson, the smiling star appears in his second starring vehicle.

"Red Courage" is a vivid story of a political fight in the western town of Panamint. Interwoven into this picturesque background is a two-fisted story of a fight—the fight of a man against tremendous odds—the fight against the corrupt influences of a crooked political gang—the fight of a man for a girl's love.

Hoot Gibson, as the smiling, happy-go-lucky Pinto Pete, who falls heir to a one-horse newspaper, "The Panamint Gazette," is still Hoot Gibson—which is probably the greatest compliment that can be paid to him.

* * *

"Bring Him In"

A Vitagraph special, starring Earle Williams. The story gets its name from the motto of the famous North-West Mounted Police. A member of this organisation is on the trail of Dr. John Hood, a role assumed by Williams, determined to bring him in. By a queer twist the pursuer and pursued become pals, without either realising the identity of the other. Complications arise, with the result that Dr. Hood returns to headquarters with the sergeant.

* * *

"The Wise Kid"

The wicked flapper! Here she is again—Gladys Walton this time—as "The Wise Kid" who is a cash register queen in a New York restaurant, only a shade above the "greasy spoon" establishments in quality of food and patrons.

The theme of the story finds expression through her adventures on taking the advice of a society matron to "do kind deeds—they'll bring good luck to you." Does she? She does—and the results are not entirely satisfactory. Through a kind deed (paying for his meal, in fact) she meets the champion oil-can of the "Thrilling Thoities," a flashy specimen named Harry, who diverts, until his spuriousness is made manifest, when she returns to nestle in the arms of the baker's boy with an honest chest measure.

Death of John G. Turner.

General regret will be expressed at the death on the 21st March, of Mr. John Gemmell Turner, Music Teacher, at his late residence 83 Kent Terrace, Wellington, at the age of 55 years.

The late Mr. Turner was born in Scotland and arrived with his parents in Melbourne at the age of 12 years, where he received his musical education under Mr. Ringwood, Miss Alma West, pupil of the late Signor Zelman and Signor Manuel Lopez, of the original Spanish Students, with which organization Mr. Turner played for a number of years.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Turner (who come of musical families) arrived in Dunedin in the early nineties, and later settled in Wellington where he commenced teaching his profession and formed an orchestra whose services have always been willingly given in aid of charity. The late Mr. Turner took a keen interest in his work and many hundreds of pupils have passed through his hands. He was appointed Examiner in Wellington for Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar by the London College of Banjoists and the International Union of Musicians.

The late Mr. Turner was a man of sterling qualities and his likeable personality endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He leaves a widow and two daughters, Misses Elsie and Jean Turner, both of whom are musicians.

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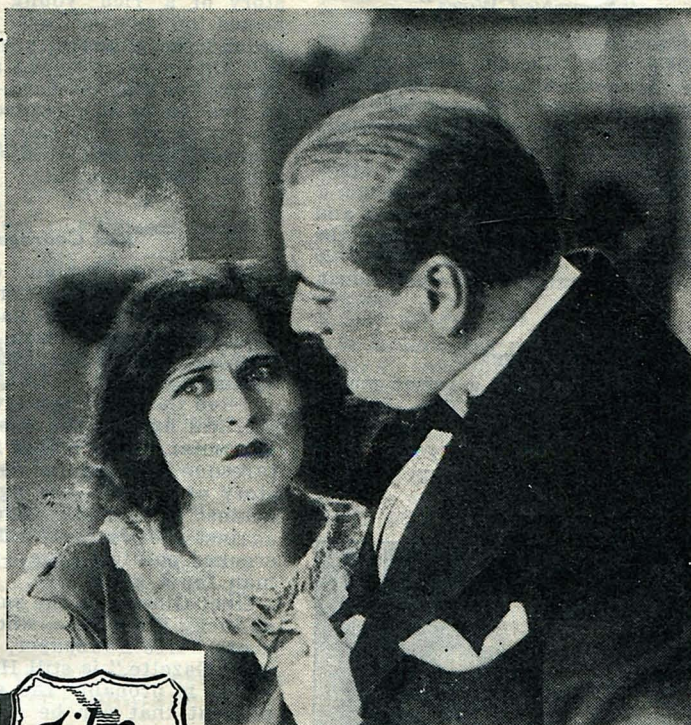
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This is only one of the
many thrilling scenes in
James Oliver Curwood's
latest and best story

"The Golden Snare"

with

**RUTH RENICK and
LEWIS STONE**

A
FIRST
NATIONAL
ATTRACTION

"I'll give you a run for
your money," says

**CONSTANCE
TALMADGE**

in

'Woman's Place

It's her best—don't miss
seeing Connie stand for
mayor.

**A
FIRST
NATIONAL
ATTRACTION**



*Film
House*



WILLIAM V. MONG

Shews how the worm can
turn as an underpaid clerk
in

**'THE TEN DOLLAR
RAISE'**

**ASSOCIATED
PRODUCERS'
SPECIAL**

VAUDEVILLE VANITIES

(By "Spotlight")

MR. AND MISS TREE touch the mystery pinnacle. How the Mister conveys to the Miss the names of the musical numbers that are asked for by the audience beats me. Apparently no code is used as in the case of other "thought-reading" stunts, so how the —? where the —? what the —? Even if a code were used, the lady would need to be a super Pelman in order to remember the many hundreds of pieces that are open for selection.

TOGO, WHO IS touring with the Ella Shields company is well known to vaudevillians in the Dominion. This little brown man is, compared with other jugglers, a Gloaming in a field of selling platers. He rarely makes a slip, and when he does his recovery is almost as clever as his tricks.

CON MORENI, the comedian of the Ella Shields company, will be remembered as a member of a certain rough-and-ready (and ready to be "rough") bunch of revueists who filled in space at Fullers a few years ago. Con in those days could "rough it" with any of 'em, but now only once does the audience fear he is going to slip off the footpath into the muddy road. But it is just a feint, so to speak, and all ends well. Con's song about the gent. who removes the number plate from his door and takes it with him so that he'll find the house again after a night out, is well done.

KENNEDY BROTHERS, who, though they wear stripes, are not stars, are "simultaneous" but not "eccentric" dancers, and haven't a great variety of steps. Moon and Morris have spoiled us for anything but the very best of this kind of thing. The taller Kennedy wears a pair of circular spectacles, and at certain moments looks very like J. N. Crawford, the international cricketer, rushing up to the crease to bowl a yorker.

EVEN THOUGH the rain be falling steadily outside, you feel inclined to take George Brooke's word for it that there is virtue in April showers. The ladies say George has a "lovely" voice, and the ladies are not far wrong. He doesn't strain

after effect, even in that dainty morsel 'The 'Li'l Feller wiv 'is Mammy's Eyes.' His partner, Ted Cahill, has a complete understanding with the piano, and extracts sweet melody therefrom.

THE ACTS which support that great little artist Ella Shields are all first-class and worthy of mention. There is, for instance, that of the Three Jacksons—two adults (a mixed double) and a juvenile—who put up as neat a performance as anyone could wish to see. The small boy spends most of his time hurtling through the air, landing with cat-like certainty, right side up on the stage or on some portion of his parents' anatomy.

"TOOBBY" STEVENS is a funny little chap, and his methods revive memories of Little Tich, though Little Tich was, of course, as far out on his own as was Dan Leno. Tubby,



The great JOHN BARRYMORE in reflective mood in "The Lotus Eater," a Marshall Neilan First National. John is a young man who reaches 25 before he meets a woman.

however, has a streak of genuine humour, and is helped considerably by a quaint building up amidships, and a more than expansive smile.

VIDEAU AND KIRBY (now on Fuller circuit) are good. Their "Double Twin" act bears the hallmark of thoroughness that characterises the best English acts. The little lady (who, by the way, was for a long time with the late lamented Sidney James's Strollers) impersonates a Cockney slavey, and her facial expressions and quaint comedy generally are excellent. She changes quickly to the entirely different character of a "Dream Girl" and displays terpsichorean skill a long way above the average. Her partner plays up to her with telling effect, and, in addition, sings very pleasingly. The pair will become popular, especially with that section of the audience who appreciate those little subtleties which, after all, indicate real art.

ONCE THE PARTING in James Teddy's hair has ceased to fascinate, and you get down to those muscular legs of his and watch him leap, you think of the old query: "If a man could jump, in proportion to his size, as far as a flea can jump, how far could he jump?" When Teddy does the chair-jumping stunt it reminds you of the south sea isles, or words to that effect, for it is verily a succession of springs. The manner in which he ignites with his shoe soles matches that are placed a yard or more higher than his head is literally a striking feat.

A COUPLE OF black clouds, a whirlwind, a shrieking-breeze sort of dialogue, and a storm of applause. That's what follows the announcement, "Rastus and Banks." After it's over, one rather wonders at the storm of applause. The pair sing in that high-pitched, cullud pussun style that has no regard for enunciation—except in the case of the words "Baby Mine" and "Dixie"—then Rastus throws himself about considerable; Miss Banks double-shuffles and shows a glistening set of ivories, and, finally, the pair combine in the exchange of jokes. And that's all there is to it. Still—there's the storm of applause!

A Southern exhibitor writes referring to the peculiar actions of a person connected with the Arnst-Hadfield boat race film. This gentleman introduced himself to the manager in question, mentioned that his cheque for expenses had not arrived and secured a loan on the strength of it. Since—polite silence. This sort of person does not help the show business and deserves the white light of publicity upon him.



ANNA PAVLOVA, Queen of Dancers



Ruth Renick in "The Golden Snare"

Our Gallery of Beautiful Women

RUTH RENICK

One of the loveliest of the younger stars now appearing in Curwood's "The Golden Snare."

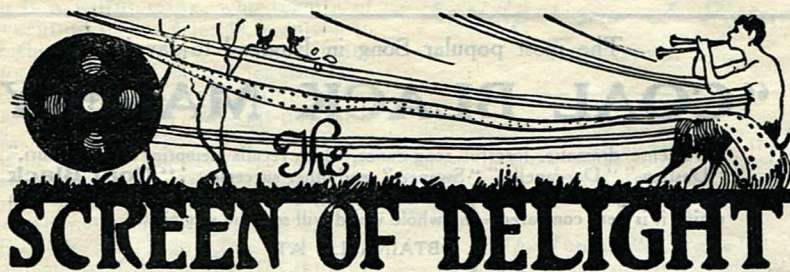


MISS MARIE PREVOST
Univers. star shortly to appear in "Nobody's Fool."



MISS ROSINA BUCKMAN,

The famous New Zealand soprano, and her husband, Mr. Maurice D'Oisely, who, under the management of Mr. E. J. Gravestock, commence a N.Z. tour at the end of May.



Pictures of the Month.

By "Close-up."

"The Kid"

"The Kid," the latest Chaplin film to hike this way, is somewhat different to all other Chaplin pictures that we have seen, inasmuch as a pathetic little story is involved, and the telling of it is done with much delicacy and feeling. Charlie is the same yet ever new; but he does not parade his farcical genius to the same extent as in other pictures we could mention; it becomes a clever mixture of outrageous farce and drama—a blend that pleases all tastes. Charles is a hobo of the slums, who, coming across a deserted baby, finds it so difficult to dispose of, that he takes it to his shack, and becomes really fond of it. Five years pass, and the boy becomes Jacky Coogan, a bewitching kid, who works a window-smashing game so that Charlie may light along and get the job of replacing it. But the youngster becomes ill, and the county doctor is called in, sees the deplorable condition of things, and tries to have the boy placed in an orphan asylum. In the meantime, the mother of the child seeks her babe, and eventually finds him, thanks to the paper she has pinned to his clothing, and there is general joy. Charlie is inimitable in his drollery in this picture, and Jacky Coogan a most treasurable imp.

* * *

"Carnival"

The poetic genius of Venice who devised the immortal "Bridge of Sighs," over which so many harmless persons passed en route to the dismal tomb, little thought that movie actors would one day lean up against the storied masonry and act to the click of the machine. Nor did the Doges of Venice conceive it possible that its waterways and gondolas, its palaces and its immortalities should be seen in motion by a race of people who believe that piles of weatherboards are architecture and a tin shed a "hall." The all-English production, "Carnival," seen at Auckland Strand is epochal, and even daily paper reporters, reviewing it, almost admit that the British stage has people who

can tell with great nobility a splendid story in pantomime. There are only three bases for movie drama as yet, and "Carnival" is built on one of them, but there is a distinct and startling variation, so artistically planned and effective that Americans at work on the trio of bases will have to gallop to catch up. The distinguished actor of Venice is Matheson Lang. He is so compelling that his large company do not matter except as foils. The actor, like so many swells in movie drama, loves his wife without yelling it from the leaning tower of Pisa, and as she is full of boiling Latin blood, she feels the apparent Arcticity of his devotion. A youthful ardent count does the usual compromising sparking, including a wee serenade in the bushes outside the senora's palace, is gay in the gondola, while the gondoliers stonily stare at the distant spires and so on.

The husband is called to Milan, and catches the down gondola to pick up the train. Misses train. Senora in abbreviated vine leaves and other clothes notifying that she is Bacchante, is away at the bal masque, when the senor comes home. Ultimately Mr. Matheson Lang looks something fearful. The senor is billed to play Othello; his wife Desdemona—and the subsequent playing is so fine, so masterly and so new in movie work that it is breathless stuff. The play within the play shows the Moor in the immortal chamber scene before a huge audience. He speaks his lines, substituting the name of his "faithless" wife for "Desdemona." He begins to strangle her and is prevented; the senora recovers, tells him she has always been faithful to him (and so on); and there is a final "close-up" showing reunited senor and senora scorching up the liquid "street" in a gondola, with a couple of respectful gondoliers engrossed in their own thoughts. Matheson Lang possesses the poise and dignity which are so rarely seen in American movie actors. We want a great deal more of this British antidote.

* * *

"The Sheik"

"The Sheik," a Paramount attraction, takes one far into the heart of the Arabian desert (situated somewhere in California) where Allah and man's passions fight it out without any serious clash between the two. Lady Diana

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Mayo is a wilful minx, who inspite of the warnings of her friends, resolves to stalk the deserts alone, or rather with her own outfit, but before leaving, her beauty rouses the burning admiration of Ahmed Hassan, an all-powerful sheik, who resolves that Di shall be his if he dies in the attempt. The inevitable happens, Di's caravan is swooped down upon, and Di is borne off to Ahmed's luxurious tent. Being an English girl she fights, but from the outset—and this is a little fault in the picture—the fact is signalled that this high spirited girl is going to fall in love with her desert cave-man with a Parisian education. On one occasion she makes a silly break to get away, and on another is captured by a brigand, and there is a fine rescue by Ahmed and his Ku Kluxers. The end is too obvious to mention—the old clinch is there. Rudolf Valentinc's manly beauty and his big mouth full of costly white teeth are admirably fitted for the Sheik, and Agnes Ayres, who is very pretty, almost convinces that she is a good actress—she just misses the flash.

* * *

"Three Live Ghosts"

A delicious farce comedy this, with Anna Q. Nilsson and Norma Kerry as the central figures. Let us give the summarized ingredients—Pals in the War—reported lost—breeze back home again. One a ne'er-do-well who, fearing the law, was perfectly willing to stay "dead"; another a blue-blood, shell-shocked out of his name and into a habit of stealing anything in sight; and the other a roaring bucko, whose "ressurrection" spoiled step-mama's plan for collecting insurance. Add a wife, a baby, two interrupted lovers and 57 complications. Mix with constant surprises and laughs for a solid hour and there you are.

Anticipations of Picture Features.

◆

[Under this heading we endeavour to give readers and exhibitors an outline of the best picture features about to be released, the details being secured from the most reliable sources available.—Editor "N. Z. T. and M. P."]

"The Ten Dollar Raise"

An adaptation of the "Saturday Evening Post" story by Peter B. Kyne. It is the story of an employee who worked all his life for a small salary in the hopes of a ten-dollar rise, which a miserly employer promised annually but put off for years. Here is the author's dedication of the story: "I dedicate this story to the under-dogs of the world, to the millions of underpaid bookkeepers and clerks who, depending for an existence on the whim of an employer, daily realise that 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless numbers mourn.'"

* * *

"The Lotus Eater"

A Marshall Neilan First National attraction, starring John Barrymore, America's foremost star. The story of a man who never saw a woman till he was twenty-five—then he stepped off his yacht, upon which his wealthy father's will had imprisoned him and—the first woman he set eyes on was an adventuress! This story is from the novel by Albert Payson Terhune. The caste includes Colleen Moore, Anna Q. Nilsson and Wesley Barry.

* * *

"The Family Honour"

Starring Florence Vidor. This is the story of the scion of a wealthy family who wastes the family fortune in drinking and gambling. Impover-

ished, he refuses honest work, and starts a gambling table. He spurns a girl, who is stung with shame, her romance shattered. Comes a night when a man is murdered in the gambling den. Hunted by the law, facing the gallows, he turns for protection to the girl. Then her love and influence bring a wonderful ending.

* * *

"Go Straight"

"Go Straight" unfolds the document of what can be accomplished by an undying courage and a willingness to fight for right. William Worthington, in the direction of the subject, rings true in the picturization of the Kentucky backwoods locale, and the accurate characterization of the interesting types. The dramatic suspense element is well handled. Frank Mayo is the star parson and Lillian Rich, one of the silversheet's sweetest leading women, is particularly appealing. Harry Carter gives a powerful interpretation of malignant strength as Hellfire Gibbs, and George Marion portrays Jim Boyd, the crooked politician. Charles Brinley, Lassie Young and Cora Drew make up the cast.

* * *

"Cheated Hearts"

"Cheated Hearts," starring Herbert Rawlinson, is an adaptation of William F. Payson's novel, "Barry Gordon," and is the story of a young man who inherits something more than Virginia millions when his father dies. He finds himself cursed with a constant desire for liquor. The pivotal idea, however, is overshadowed by the dramatic incidents of the story. The young man promises his sweetheart not to drink—and he keeps his promise, until one day he sees his fiancée apparently responding to the attentions of his bro-



How would you like CONSTANCE TALMADGE for Mayor? Her platform in "Woman's Place" consists of 14 trunks of frocks, a diamond anklet, and slightly more of the Connie brand of pep than usual (First National).

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ther. His brother is a lucky fellow—no drink habit, no troubles. So Barry Gordon packs his bag and flees to Paris, where he tries to absorb enough wine to drown the memory of his sweetheart and his brother finding their happiness together. A year or two later he hears that his brother, prospecting in Morocco, has been captured by bandits and is held for ransom. Barry sails for Morocco and leads the search there for his brother. His sweetheart, her father and another friend also sail for Morocco and in the inevitable denouement every player, Rawlinson, Marjorie Daw, Anna Lehr, Doris Pawn, Josef Swickard, Winter Hall, Murdock and Al McQuarrie, Warner Baxter, Hector Sarno and Boris Karloff do their full share.

* * *

"Woman's Place"

Every man knows that woman's place is in the home; every man says so. But where's the woman who will take his word for it without a fight? She sees no reason why she shouldn't preside over Parliament as well as the gas stove, and govern a city's finances as well as the domestic butter bill. Constance Talmadge is the latest to wage a war for equal rights. In "Woman's Place" she is the new woman using old wiles. She gets confidence from her Paris models, while she persuades electors, and things look blue for the male opponent until fellow-women develop jealousy and rally to support the opposite sex. The picture makes first-rate entertainment. John Emerson and Anita Loos have given it humour and keen attire; Constance Talmadge has given herself, and the result is worth seeing.

* * *

"The Golden Snare"

"The Golden Snare," adapted from James Oliver Curwood's thrilling story, is a worthy successor to those great motion picture successes, "Back to God's Country," "The River's End," and "Nomads of the North," also filmed from the works of the same author.

The irresistible appeal of the great north country about which Curwood writes permeates "The Golden Snare," just as it did its predecessors.

It is a remarkable photo-play with a thrilling plot, which involves the successful search of a member of the Royal North-West Mounted for the "Loup Garou" man of the frozen barrens, and the discovery of a fair-haired beauty in a most out-of-the-way place. Romance and thrilling adventure amid picturesque settings are at their best in this screen story. "The Golden Snare" is a First National attraction. Lewis Stone is featured as Sergeant Raine. Ruth Renick has the feminine lead. Others in the caste are Wallace Beery, Melbourne MacDowell, Francis MacDonald. The photography, as well as the acting and direction, is splendid.

"Star Dust"

"Stardust" is based on Fanny Hurst's great human interest story, which ran serially in the Cosmopolitan Magazine and then was published in book form. It was produced under the direction of Hobart Henley, with charming Hope Hampton in the stellar role as the forlorn little small-town girl whose musical ambitions are squelched at home, but whose talent and ambitions find an outlet in the great city.

Tinged with tragedy and pathos, and fired with romance and ambition, "Stardust" provides Miss Hampton with the greatest dramatic vehicle which she has yet been given, and she has taken full advantage of the opportunity afforded.

James Rennie, who recently distinguished himself on Broadway in the principal part in the stage production, "Spanish Love," is Miss Hampton's leading man in "Stardust."

Other notable members of the caste are Noel Tearle, who will be remembered for his work in "Over the Hill," and Vivia Ogden, who gave an excellent character portrayal in Griffith's "Way Down East."

* * *

"The Sign on the Door"

The talent for emotional and dramatic acting which has made Norma Talmadge the foremost screen star of the age is in evidence in "The Sign on the Door."

Without doubt this production is the most interesting and brilliant any Miss Talmadge has had. The photography is excellent, and the direction of Herbert Brenon is the skilled work of a craftsman.

The acting of Norma is superb. She is seen in the role of Ann Henniwell, a pretty stenographer, who, through no fault of her own, is compromised by her employer's son, Frank Devereaux, in a questionable cafe. She marries "Lafe" Regan, man of wealth and character. Later Devereaux comes back into her life. Regan shoots Devereaux with the fellow's own pistol. He does not know that his wife has witnessed the tragedy. An intensely dramatic situation arises when she is moved by her love for her husband to tell the authorities that she killed Devereaux. The plot has a logical and unexpectedly happy ending.

"The Sign on the Door" was adapted for the screen from the stage play by Channing Pollock, and is a First National attraction.

In the excellent caste supporting Miss Talmadge are seen Charles Richman and Lew Cody.

Spivakowsky, the Russian pianist, was not a popular success in Sydney. Perhaps the public is tiring of the endless string of musical geni hailing from the land of the Great Famine. The original dates booked at the Town Hall, Wellington, have been cancelled, so we may not hear the man with the curious name at all.



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ways be relied upon to give the pub-
lic a full measure of fun, frolic, and
fascination, when this show happens
along. This year the attraction is
"The Babes in the Wood," and, judg-
ing by the manner in which it has
been received in Melbourne and Syd-
ney, there is no doubt that it will ap-
peal to all lovers of pantomime in
this country. A specialty on this
occasion is being made of the
dresses, which are on a scale
of lavish beauty. Ballet follows
ballet with dazzling rapidity, and
each seems more beautiful than its
predecessor. "The Babes in the
Wood" is also strong in comedy and
specialty acts, whilst the chorus have
been especially selected for their
beauty on the Florenz Zeigfeld plan.
The N.Z. tour will commence at
Auckland on May 11, and after an
eight nights' season there, the com-
pany will visit Hamilton, Hawera,
Eltham, Wanganui, Palmerston
North, Napier, Hastings and Master-
ton. The Wellington season will
commence on June 3. The dates of
the tour appear in an advt. in this
issue.

The Late Mr. W. W. Crawford.

As we go to press news has arrived
of the death in Melbourne of Wm.
Ward Crawford, of the N.Z. Diggers
and Vice-Regals (who have been
playing at St. Kilda throughout the
summer). Mr. Crawford, who was
35 years of age, hailed from Dunedin,
where he distinguished himself in
amateur performances and competi-
tions. He came to Wellington some
ten years ago, and became one of the
most popular reciters, comedians and
eccentric dancers—such was his ver-
satility. He took part in "San Toy"
with the Wellington amateurs, and
was always available for charitable
purposes. Three years ago he joined
the N.Z. Diggers, which came to this
country as the Vice-Regals last year.

Marie Tempest's Farewell.

Marie Tempest was given an en-
thusiastic farewell in Wellington on
April 3. After the curtain fell on "The
Marriage of Kitty" it had to be raised
half a dozen times in response to sus-
tained applause. At last Miss Tempest
came forward and thanked the
audience for the heartiness of their
farewell. "You never can tell," said
Miss Tempest sententiously. "I left
England (where she had played all her
life) for a six months' tour, and have
remained away nine years. So you see
you never can tell. may come back—
but, you never can tell. Good-night to
you all!"

The Man Who Has "Seen It Before"

"Damnation!"

The fussy old gentleman, accompanied by the long, gloomy individual, explodes as his shin comes in contact with a seat-end.

"Damnation!" he repeats.

He has just entered the theatre from the blazing sunlight, and his eyes have not yet become accustomed to the soft light of the darkened theatre. He has always considered himself an independent man, and so, scorning the assistance of the usher, he sets out in search of a seat off his own bat—with painful results.

The two eventually sit down, and the hubbub their entry has occasioned subsides as the opening scenes of the feature drama flash upon the screen.

Silence reigns while a full hundred feet of film has passed through the projector; then the fussy one gets uneasy.

"I believe I've seen this before, Monty," he says. "What was the name of it, again?"

Monty and the audience within earshot join the fussy one in uneasiness. If there's one type of "fan" that a picture audience cordially detests and consigns to climes that are too warm for comfort, it is the "man-who-has-seen-it-before."

"Yes, I'm sure I've seen it before," the old one affirms. He seems disposed to distribute his knowledge of the plot free of charge, and the hearers—and Monty—shudder with apprehension.

"Ah! THAT'S it," he says, "that feller doesn't kill her—oh, no—he takes her away to a hut in the hills and there—"

The callow youth at the back is attacked by a violent fit of coughing at this juncture, and the fussy one's lecture on what happened to the girl "in the hut in the hills" is drowned in the uproar.

The audience doesn't seem in the

least perturbed at not hearing exactly what DOES happen. In fact, they seem rather pleased about it.

But the F.O. returns to the attack.

"Next think you'll see, Monty—a little way on from here—is where that villain is chased on horseback by the hero—whatisname?—Henry Blondewrow. But the hero don't catch him and—"

Here there is an angry snort from a person on the old gentleman's right. The O.G. favours the offender with a withering look, which seems to sting him to the quick.

"I ain't blind," he says, "an' I ain't a looney. When I wants to know what it's all about—I'll ask yer!"

"Who is this person, Monty?" this with withering contempt. "Is he addressing US?"

"Garn!" says the wrathful one.

"Yes, Monty," says the Fussy Old Boy, ignoring his irate neighbour, "that fellow with the fair hair doesn't get killed really. You'd think he hadn't a chance of getting out of that iron box they're going to throw him into the river in—but he does. You see—"

The youth who had the previous coughing spasm is at this point again seized with another paroxysm. He coughs in a throaty bass, and when that has given out, and as the old gent. is still talking, he makes a weak attempt at a sneeze, but only succeeds in treating the patriarch to a free "shower" bath.

There is more excitement. Old Gent leaps to his feet, and turning round to the youth delivers a lecture on manners in no uncertain terms. His portly form completely blocks the view of the people back of him, and abuse is heaped upon his luckless head. He sits down protesting loudly. But not to remain silent long.

"As I was saying, Monty (here Monty heaves a long-drawn sigh) when they put that fellow in the box—"

"SHUT UP!"

The long-suffering "person" on the right has lost his temper.

"Strike me pink, if you've seen the pitcher, I ain't."

"How dare you, sir," says the ancient one. "How dare you address me in that fashion. I'll call the manager."

"Ef you don't close yer trap," the youth with the weak chest admonishes, "I'll call the perlice!"

But the old boy is going to have his pound of flesh.

"He don't get drowned, Monty—('Dry up,' 'Close yer face,' from the now thoroughly worked-up listeners)—he—('Lay down, will yer?')—wasn't ever—('Yow, 'it 'im, somebody')—IN IT!" he finishes with a flourish.

When the hubbub has died down the Old One is heard remarking to Monty that he thinks "we'll go now, as we know what it's all about." With that end in view, he dons his bowler hat, but in rising treads heavily on the foot of the "shut-up" merchant on his right.

Pandemonium breaks loose. The F.O.G. is seen beating a hasty retreat with his bowler belted down over his ears—the parting act of the crushed foot victim—and assailed by epithets on all sides. Monty beats him to the exit by two lengths, but when the Old Boy, on glancing behind, notices his late right-hand neighbour following with grimly-set countenance, Monty is not in it.

A great sigh of relief passes through the theatre. But the audience can't get interested in the picture now. What's the use of wondering what is happening to the hero apparently in the iron box when you've just been told he was NEVER IN IT?

On Anzac Day in the Wellington Town Hall, the Royal Choral Society in combination with the Harmonic Society and the C. T. Male Choir will sing the paeon "To the Fallen" from Elgar's "Spirit of England." Such a unity of forces should be well worth hearing.



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 WANGANUI May 3 and 4
 HAWERA May 5
 PALMERSTON N. May 6 and 8
 HASTINGS May 9
 NAPIER May 10 and 11
 MASTERTON May 12
 WELLINGTON May 13 to 27

South Island Tour to Follow.

Miss Etta Field's Return.

Etta Field (Schneidemann), the Auckland soprano, who has been commended as a possible eminent by Dame Melba, and who has just returned to her home in Auckland with the glitter of Sydney Conservatorium on her, gave two concerts in Auckland Town Hall. Miss Field was in fine voice, and would have been heard to greater advantage had the large hall been full. The hall is far too big for any function which does not include the activities of well-known folk. Miss Field, who has been carefully trained for ten years, and who was the soprano with the N.S.W. State Orchestra, has the necessary confidence in her powers, and is especially excellent in the production of notes in the upper register, the lower and middle registers being hardly so precise. It is true that Miss Field is able to express great feeling in notable songs, especially those which have a devotional or love element, and it will be essentially her temperamental treatment of works notably emotional which will raise her to the first flight, should she indeed achieve a place with Melba, Calve, Tetrazini, and the others. Intricate classicalities, insisting on excessive technical skill, although essayed and accomplished with notable precision, are, in the case of Miss Field, less enjoyable than the simpler but more appealing numbers her friends care most about. It is true that, because Miss Field had sung simply and well, the applause which greeted her at the conclusion of her last number indicated her to make Tosti's "Good-bye" the best number of the evening. I believe that for five minutes Etta quite forgot the mechanics of vocalism. "Vissi D'Arte", the remarkable and florid morceau from Puccini's "La Tosca," was given with a careful illustration denoting the excellently trained artiste. With Mascheroni's "Ave Maria" the young soprano was quite at her best. The emotional element in the singer finds expression in the material the composer has supplied. Accompanied as it was on the great organ by Mr. Maughan Barnett, the city organist, it was accepted as one of the notable expositions of Miss Field's most natural work. A singer's worth is to be gauged by the number of people he or she can charm. I believe that the audience cared more for "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water" than anything else she sang

"Land of Beauty, Hope, and Glory!"
 Realm of treasures manifold,
 Land still new in song and story,
 But in silence hoary old!
 Face thy future bold and virile,
 Let no fears thy faith allure;
 Render germs of evil sterile,
 Treasure Woods' Great Peppermint
 Cure.

—simple, appealing, natural stuff, sung simply, appealingly and naturally. In the Catalina number, "Farewell," the Auckland girl infused a depth of emotion and longing that was quite touching.

One feels that the concerts given by this singer should have attracted large crowds, and one believes that she is capable of drawing crowds if she sings the simple and beautiful things that the general public love. No singer in a country of limited population can attain outstanding popularity by singing solely to the cognoscenti. Mr. Robert Bell sang rather poorly, and Mr. Leo Whittaker played the piano with excellence. Mr. Maughan Barnett, at the organ, as always, played with mastery.

The Most Popular Song.

The recent "Referee" (London) competition to discover the twelve most popular songs of the day found "Coal-Black Mammy" at the top of the polls. We (says the "Referee") were not surprised, for rarely have we had a parallel example of a song appealing equally as a vocal and a dance number as is the case with this human-impelling ballad. We venture to give it the dignity of this title, feeling that its very human note deserves nothing less. To watch the fame of a publication spread from little beginnings until it encompasses the whole world is an interesting phenomenon.

"Coal-Black Mammy" is Miss Nora Delaney's big feature number in J. C. Williamson's 1922 "Babes in the Wood" pantomime.

**BLANCHE SWEET**

is here telling "sweet nothings" to her temporary husband in "Her Unwilling Husband." (Pathe).

Puccini.**Is He Written Out?**

Unlike Verdi, who "improved with age," and who was spared the depression which goes hand in hand with loss of popularity, Puccini for the past few years has been receiving more of Fortune's buffets than rewards. Just before Christmas in 1913 the melodious music-maker who rose to fame on the wings of "La Boheme" was, with the members of his family, rescued from drowning after a motor boat collision on a lake near Pisa, in Italy. He lived to write several new operas, none of which reached the standard of "La Boheme," "Madame Butterfly," or "La Tosca." The production of "La Rondine" at the Dal Cerme opera house, Milan, in October, 1917, was coldly received. Everyone expected another "La Boheme," and there was no concealment of the general feeling of disappointment. An Italian musical critic, who described the new work as "a dainty operetta, with an insipid libretto, and having a pretty Viennese waltz tune for its principal theme," pointed out that the only real Puccini touches were those in the closing scene. The composer, it is chronicled, did his best to look happy when he was called before the curtain. With the restoration of peace Puccini went to try his luck in Vienna. In November, 1920, "La Rondine" had the half-hearted applause of half-filled houses. One of the papers called the rejected of Milan "an anemic opera." Worse was in store for the optimistic Italian. After elaborate preparations three exact operas, originally produced in New York, were performed. This so-called trypitch was made up of "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi." The "grand Puccini night," for which very high prices were charged, was a failure, musically and financially. But the three short operas were later well attended at cheaper rates. Puccini before returning to Italy, said he was confident that the group of operas would command recognition. "My own countrymen," he added, "sneered at 'Madame Butterfly,' but that opera a little later was successful beyond all my expectations." The latest about Puccini is that he is hard at work on a new opera, the name of which is given as "Turandot," and two acts of which were reported to have been completed at the close of 1921. In the last act, it is stated, "there will be some striking effects for which special new instruments are required." This looks as if Glucio of Italy is following in the footsteps of the still living Richard of Germany.

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WELLINGTON

New Concert Promoter.

Mr. E. J. Gravestock's Intentions.

After ten years' association with the firm of Messrs. J. and N. Tait, Mr. E. J. Gravestock, manager for that firm of the tour of the Verbrugghen's Orchestra, is severing his connection with them, and will, in future, tour Australia and New Zealand as a concert promoter. During the time he has been with the Tait's, Mr. Gravestock has managed all their many concert artists, and since their combination with the J. C. Williamson firm, he has been in charge of all the concert work, being associated with Clara Butt, John M'Cormack, Moiseiwitsch, Heifetz, Levitzki, Daisy Kennedy, and the New South Wales Orchestra, as well as various other attractions.

Mr. Gravestock's first offering to the musical public will be New Zealand's own Rosina Buckman, undoubtedly one of the greatest sopranos in the world to-day, and her husband, Maurice D'Oisly, and they will be followed by concert celebrities of the highest order. The arrangements he has made will mean a supply of nothing but the world's greatest concert artists periodically for Australasia. Mr. Gravestock has a wider knowledge probably, of the English concert world, than anyone else in the Southern Hemisphere, for he had ten years' experience in London before coming to Australia. His first acquaintance with the entertainment business was at the age of 14, through the medium of L. G. Sharpe's concert agency, one of the best known of its kind in London, and he was subsequently associated with such world-famous artists as Harold Bauer, Mischa Elman, Kreisler, John M'Cormack, Pablo Casals, Clara Butt, and Kennerley Rumford, Kirkby Lunn, Sousa, Ellen Terry, Harry Lauder, Hans Richter, Maurice Farkoa, the Cherniavskys, and, in recent years, a host of others who have sprung into fame, and the communications he has received from time to time from English stars go to prove that nothing but the best is in store for Australasia, as far as his management is concerned.

Mr. Gravestock first came to Australia ten years ago as secretary and treasurer to the Quinlan Grand Opera Company, and he then joined up with Messrs. J. and N. Tait. "I am now an Australian," he remarked to a "World's News" representative, "with an Australian wife and two Australian children." In addition to ordinary concert work, Mr. Gravestock has had considerable Grand Opera and theatrical experience.

Among the Mummers.

With Pavlova.

Intimate Letter from Thurza Rogers.

Thurza Rogers was a well-known amateur performer when a pupil of Miss Estelle Beere, up till three years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (formerly of the Te Aro Hotel) decided to go to England, and give their daughter her chance. How she accepted it is proved by the fact that she is now a member of Pas de Quatre with Mdle. Pavlova, the most wonderful dancer in the world. Writing to Miss Beere during the recent American tour, Miss Rogers says:—"I suppose you have heard of my being with Pavlova touring Canada, the States and the Continent. We then go back for a big season in London. I have really nice places, and feel quite proud of being one of the Pas de quatre girls. We do the toe work, and are considered above the others. Mdle. takes an interest in me, and speaks very highly of my work. We have a class every day, and although at times I get fearfully tired, I believe it would be hard to live without it. Had a call from a Wellington friend in Washington, who expressed herself surprised and pleased with my work. I saw Tommy Carroll and Doris at Astaffiera's in London before I left. They are both working hard. . . . You will be surprised to hear that Barney (Thurza's brother) has taken up dancing, and is doing very well. How long he will keep to it remains to be seen. I know what hard work it is. Would you believe I am only seven stone, and the thinnest in the company (Thurza's trouble when she left Wellington was her weight). Spent yesterday at Niagara, and enjoyed myself immensely. It is the most wonderful place I have seen. This tour is awfully interesting, and the girls are refined and jolly. It was terrible at first, being so homesick and the work so difficult, but I made up my mind to stick to it, and now it is just like home, and we have such topping times."

As the rest of the letter deals interestingly with the London prices of dancing shoes and tights, it is unnecessary to quote further. A photograph of Miss Rogers appears in this issue.

The standard of the Pavlova ballet is the highest in the world, and to be in the Pas de Quatre (the selected four) means that Thurza has become a dancer of the highest order. Her photographs certainly lend endorsement to the fact. In the programme of Pavlova's recent American tour

the name Mdle. Rogers stands out as homely and familiar among a lot of others whose names terminate either in "off" or "ski," which means—"Hooray for New Zealand!"—Editor. "The N.Z.T. and M.P."

Her Third Adventure

Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Leon Quartermaine, who are playing leading parts in "Quality Street," were married at Slough Register Office recently, states an English exchange. In order to avoid the crowd, they



MISS THURZA ROGERS, of Wellington, now one of the principals in the Pavlova ballet.

left the register office by the back way, climbed over a wall, and escaped through a hairdresser's shop. Both Miss Compton and Mr. Quartermaine have acted together in "Mary Rose" and "The Circle," as well as in "Quality Street." Miss Compton, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Compton, the founder of the Compton Comedy Company, and a sister of Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the novelist, made her first stage appearance in 1911 with "The Follies,"

whose chief, Mr. H. G. Pelissier, she married when she was sixteen. He died in 1913, and in 1914 she married Mr. Lauri de Frece, with whom she was appearing in "The Kinema Star." In May last year she obtained a decree of restitution of conjugal rights, and three months later Mr. de Frece died at Trouville from the results of an accident. Mr. Quartermaine was formerly married to Miss Aimee de Burgh, from whom he obtained a divorce last year. Mr. Gilbert Frankau, who had been cited as co-respondent, married Miss de Burgh recently.

Spirits in the Dressing Room

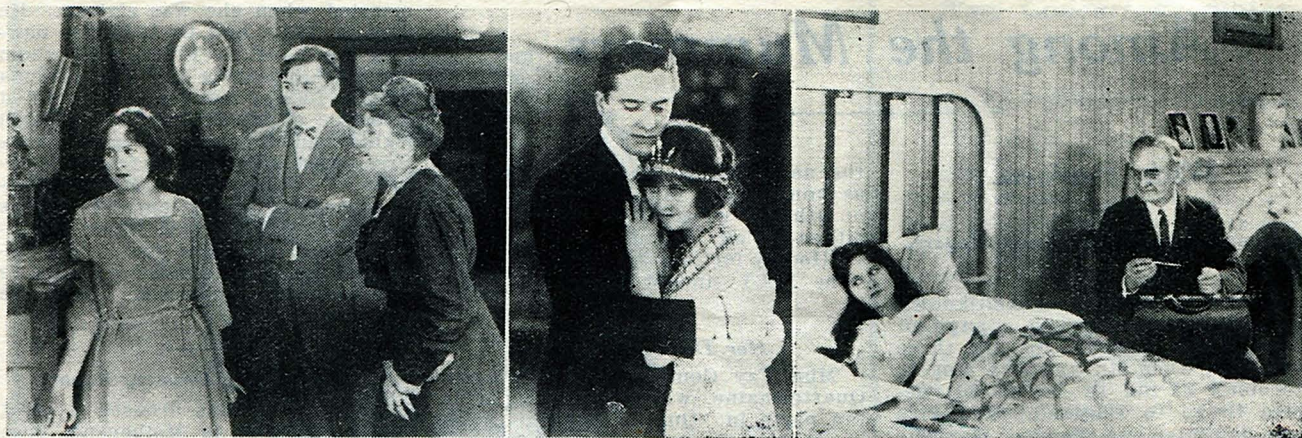
Maude Fane has aroused a great deal of interest in Melbourne, both on and off the stage, by her confessions regarding her spirit-raising seances in her dressing-room. During waits between her appearances in "A Night Out," Miss Fane, assisted by several ladies of the company who are considered to be "mediums," has received the most marked manifestations, in the form of oscillating tables, spirit-rapping, and messages of the most varied character, some of which are said to have been of a most remarkable nature. A reporter of the "Herald" was given a seance in Miss Fane's dressing-room, and as a result wrote an article that attracted widespread attention.

From Private to Brig.-General

It is not generally known that Miss Ella Shields is the wife of a man with a very distinguished war record. Her choice fell on James Christie, whom she met when he was on furlough from France in the early stages of the war, and there and then they married. Mr. Christie joined up with Kitchener's army as a private, and emerged from the war as Brigadier-General Christie, O.B.E. It is curious commentary that both Ella Shields and Vesta Tilley, England's two foremost male impersonators, should both have married distinguished men. Perhaps their training in trousers enabled them to know a MAN among men.

The Marie Tempest-Graham Browne Treat

Up till recently the Marie Tempest-Graham Browne combination has been giving the Wellington public the rarest of treats by reason of the polish they exert in the presentation of the best of English comedies. The only comedy that was not English in authorship was "Tea for Three," by Roi Cooper Megrue, an exceedingly clever and philosophical comedy, quite in the best English vein. The other bills were "Mr. Pim Passes By," "Penelope," "Outcast," "The Great Adventure," and "The Marriage of Kitty." This is the farewell tour of this brilliant pair, who pre-



HOPE HAMPTON is a revelation in Fanny Hurst's great story "Stardust." As the ill-starred heroine, Fanny Becker, she is magnetic.

sent the most perfect affinity in comedy we have ever seen on the stage in the same play at the one time, and we say good-bye to them with a choky feeling and filmy eyes.

At the conclusion of the New Zealand tour they are to play seasons at Adelaide and Perth (in which latter place they have never yet been seen) —then hey! for London Town. After seven years! What would the writer not give to be present at the opening night in London. Many English papers have been wondering what has become of Miss Tempest, and why, oh why, the long absence, which indicates pretty clearly that no successor has arisen to dim the glory of her wonderful art in good comedy. Her opening bill will probably be the Clare Kummer farce-comedy, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," the English rights of which are held by Miss Tempest. They have also been offered the sole rights of a new American comedy, and are studying it now to fathom its suitability for their particular needs. Both Miss Tempest and Mr. Browne will leave New Zealand with the good wishes of thousands of playgoers, who have seen in them the successors — long deferred — of the famous old Brough and Boucicault Company.

Claude Dampier Again

Claude Dampier, the long, lean merry-maker, has joined G. P. Hanna and Co.'s "Vice-Regals," and will tour with that reorganised company through New Zealand this winter. Miss Hilda Attenborough, formerly of the Marie Tempest Co., is also one of Vice-Regals now.

Maurice Ralph's New Job

Mr. Maurice Ralph, who looks after Beaumont Smith's interest in New Zealand, will be a busy man for the next few weeks. He has also been appointed New Zealand representative for Mr. Harry Musgrove, and his first

big job for that enterprising entrepreneur will be to take hold of the Ella Shields Company and pilot them through the rest of their tour. Miss Shields is now in the South Island, doing big business, and will play a return season in Wellington at Easter, and, after a return season in Auckland in May, the company will sail for Australia.

Irene Castle is returning to vaudeville, her first stage appearance for six years. During her absence from the stage in motion pictures her first husband, Vernon Castle, was killed in an airplane accident at an army flying field, and Mrs. Castle some time later married again.

Mr. Max Levitzki, brother of Mischa the famous pianist, writes to me from the Mediterranean, pre-announcing their arrival in Naples, en route to Paris. A photo of Mischa on a camel silhouetted against the Sphinx and Great Pyramid was an enclosure. Max mentions that he may venture this way with Marguerite D'Alvarez, the great contralto, this year.

Guy Bates Post, who has not long returned from his Australian tour, has arrived back in Los Angeles to make a screen version of his stage success. 'The Masquerader,' which is to be directed by James Young at the Brunton Studios here. This is to be a Richard Walton Tully production, and is expected to usher in a new era in pictures — the 3 dol. a seat era. It is a far cry from the ten cent. movies of a few years ago."

Franz Schubert is a character introduced into the musical comedy, "Blossom Time," in New York. Bertram Peacock plays the role, and introduces the Schubert song, "Thine is My Heart." Will some tenor please look up this number and let us hear

Cinema in the Surgery.

Valuable Aid to Medical Students.

BERLIN, Dec. 1.

The latest development of the German scientific film is an operation film, which has hitherto presented insuperable technical obstacles. These are now overcome through long study by Dr. von Rothe, director and head surgeon of a Berlin municipal hospital. Operations of every description can be followed minutely and clearly, thus proving of immense advantage at clinical lectures.

At a private representation a series of extremely delicate and varied operations performed by famous Berlin surgeons were shown with entire success. Strong nerves were a sine qua non for the invited guests, and several journalists were unable to remain long, and beat a retreat after the first operation. Dr. von Rothe states that he intends that the films should be exchanged with those of other countries in order that by comparison the best methods of operation may be decided. The German cinema industry is passing through a serious crisis, and the month of July shows the further collapse of a hundred Berlin cinemas in consequence of heavy taxation. While the fashionable picture palaces of the West End continue to flourish at exorbitant admission prices, the poor man's cinema, his chief recreation after his day's work, is in imminent danger of elimination. The closing of these cinemas signifies the daily loss of 125,000 marks. Taking into consideration the lost revenue of 25 per cent. in taxes, and the fact that the support of those thrown out of work will amount daily to 40,000 marks, this will cost Berlin one and a quarter million marks monthly.

The Latest Recorded Music of Exceptional Merit.

Titta Ruffo Again

The so-called villain of "Andrea Chernier" (Giordano), is a character more faithful to life than many characters of the tragedy or the operatic stage, because he is a mixture of good and evil; and no man, in life, is wholly good or wholly vile. He is Charles Gerard, a man of inferior birth, who comes during the wild scenes of the French Revolution into a power he exercises both for noble and for base ends. This is the great scene in which he signs the paper condemning to death the poet-patriot Andrea Chenier, the hero of the opera, a young man of high and altogether unselfish purposes. He is possibly less actuated by hatred for Chenier (though the poet has wounded him in a fight) than for his passion for Madeleine, who loves Chenier, and is loved by him in turn. Oddly enough, when first wounded by Chenier, he refused to denounce him as an enemy. Patriotism, coarse and ethereal love, mingle together strangely in the opera, which is an unusual study in human character—a study cleanly reflected in the music. It begins with powerful, strident, dramatic passages, in which major and minor alternate like the play of good and evil impulse in the human soul. For all his crimes and sins, there is something of the heroic in Gerard. The number ("Enemy of my Country") is appropriately sung by Ruffo, with magnificent virile power. As it takes form, it becomes more lyric in feeling, but the lyric is robust, almost overwhelming. Love of country, idealism, disillusion blend wildly in every word.

Galli-Curci Sings "The Wren"

"What a fresh, delightful song!" is the expression that comes to the lips involuntary on hearing this record. The song is a coloratura canzone, light as air and fragrant with the breath of early spring. Indeed, on first hearing it one altogether loses sight of the brilliant vocal display, the lilting staccato, the even, velvety tone quality, the perfect control and absolute clarity in even the most rapid of its darting phrases. The final crescendo on a high note comes as a climax to a song that is as interesting from a technical, vocal standpoint as it is charming in a poetic way. Clavelitos (Carnations) Valverde

It is a fascinating little Spanish song, by one of Spain's most popular composers, that Galli Curci sings so delightfully to us in this newest record by her. The music with its vivacious lilt, its exquisite effect in *ritardando* on the high note, and its accompaniment in which we hear the castanets, gives us a picture as rich and lovely as the flowers from which it takes its

title. Swiftly come the words, with limpid notes for each, the music rising and falling (as the flowers might sway in the breeze), all of it tinged with the magic of the South, its clear sparkling atmosphere, its rich colouring.

Graziella Pareto's Latest

Graziella Pareto, the brilliant soprano, who was delighting Convent Garden audiences last season with her charming art has a great reputation as a Mozartian singer, a reputation which this fine record fully sustains. In Deh! vieni non tarda from Mozart's "Nozzi de Figaro" (perhaps the most popular opera), with its appealing phrases in which the Countess sings of her longings, is one that requires perfect purity of tone and command of vocal technique. As one listens to the record, the charming ease and grace of Mlle. Pareto's singing of it is at once apparent from beginning to end it is an artistic interpretation of a very high order. It is, indeed, that rare thing—Mozartian music sung as it should be.

Novels Dramatised.

One can scarcely pick up a novel that has not been dramatised almost as soon as its selling success is assured. I read Sabatini's "Tavern Knight" a few months ago, and turning up a recent English paper, found that it was being played to good business on the dramatic stage. I found some difficulty in getting through Sinclair's "Main Street," with its clever but somewhat tedious reiteration of the petty details of social life in Gopher Prairie, and the silly yearnings of Mrs. Dr. Kennicott, but I note that the book has been dramatised in New York. Still another good yarn to find moving expression is Ibanez's "The Matador," which as "Blood and Sand," is also running in New York and London.—H.P.

MADAME MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ is the great name in the English concert world just now, and Australians will be glad that they will have the opportunity of hearing this wonderful contralto at the very top of her powers. She is the golden-throated songstress that the world hears but once in a generation. Debussy, the famous composer, was one of her greatest admirers, and stated just before his death that she was his "ideal interpreter." During the war he showed what he thought of the artist by crossing the submarine-infested Channel to play her accompaniments during a concert season in London. As he was in bad health at the time, the compliment to the contralto was a notable one.

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Screen Whispers.

"Blood and Sand"

Catherine Calvert is a film celebrity who has returned to the stage. She is the Spanish heroine of "Blood and Sand," the Broadway adaptation of Ibanez' novel, in which Otis Skinner is starring. Miss Calvert plays the vivid vampish Rona Sol, the Spanish great lady, who so demoralises Skinner's El Gallardo, the great bullfighter, that he loses his cunning. Miss Calvert is a dashing heroine, and one of the most beautiful women on the American stage. It is not generally known that she suffers from lameness. She is remarkably brave, and gives no evidence of the illness that made her lame and kept her from stage and screen for several years. She is worthy of the applause that greets her every performance of the Ibanez play when she makes her entrance, gorgeous in spanish laces and shawl.

* * *

Coogan Dolls

When you are fought over in a court of law, you know you are rich and famous. It wasn't Jackie Coogan, but Jackie Coogan's effigy, the "Kid" doll, that was wrangled over. Jackie in his red sweater and checked cap, his costume in Chaplin's masterpiece, appeared as a doll last April. He appeared twice, in fact. And a Supreme Court Judge will have both figures in court to look them over. The company which manufactured the doll is asking an injunction to restrain the other company from manufacturing and selling the Coogan dolls. Never mind who wins. The point is, that it's all about a youngster of eight who brought the civilised world to his small feet in one picture.

* * *

They Knew !

Tommy Preston (Manager of Barrett's Australian Films, Ltd.) relates that at Garrett's Pictures, Abermaine (Newcastle, N.S.W.), "Intolerance" drew only £10 as against £35 by "The Waybacks," the same light the previous week. "Besides," says Mr. Preston, who was in charge of the Griffith masterpiece, "I had the pleasure during the interval of hearing those who did come to our show saying that 'Intolerance' was rotten compared with the Beaumont Smith burlesque."

* * *

Fanny the Fascinator

Fanny Ward fans, please note. The beautiful actress has deserted us—permanently. She has severed the last tie between herself and America. She has ordered all her household treasures sold; all the contents of her gorgeous Californian

home, and has bought a house in London, where she is living with her husband, Jack Dean, and her daughter.

Her daughter, by the way, is quite wealthy in her own right. She is the widow of a prosperous Englishman.

* * *

'Twas He !

Betty is telling a story on herself, by the way—her success not having spoiled her sense of humour.

At the private showing of "Camille" by Madame Nazimova at the



COLLEEN MOORE

In pensive mood, waits for John Barrymore to return to the land of "Lotus Eaters."

Ritz in New York, Miss Blythe was introduced to a gentleman whose name she didn't catch, but whom she described as having "the most fascinating, human, distinguished face in the world, under lovely white hair."

She leaned over to him in what she referred to as her best society manner, and murmured, "I do hope you won't mind, if I tell you how much you remind me of David Warfield. You look exactly like him."

The gentleman smiled. "That's strange, isn't it?" he remarked, "but you see I am David Warfield."

For the Ladies

You put an ounce each of dried mint and dried sage, three ounces of dried angelica, half a pound of juniper berries, and one pound of rosemary leaves in a jar, shaking them well together. When you come home dragging one foot after the other, too tired to think, if you just toss half a handful of that mixture of herbs into a moderately hot footbath and keep your feet in it for 15 minutes—well, you'll be a brand new person.—Anita Stewart.

* * *

"The Sheik" is proving itself to be the most outstanding picture of the year. Now well into its fourth big week at the Globe Theatre, Sydney, it is attracting fans in thousands. Many have been again and again, coming away with the conviction that there has never been a picture to equal this stupendous production. Rudolph Valentino has achieved wonderful fame in the title role. His portrayal of the Sheik must be ranked amongst the most unique character studies ever seen. Agnes Ayres also gives an excellent interpretation of the captive English girl. It is a picture with a strong appeal to all.

* * *

Real outdoor sports, such as golf, motoring and the like, appeal to Wallace Reid, the athletic Paramount star, more than most other forms of amusement, but, of course, his talent for music enables him to get a lot of joy out of that, too. His home in Hollywood has a "jazz room," as he calls it, where he keeps his saxophones, a piano, plenty of easy chairs, books, and a billiard table. There he spends lots of his leisure time in with his friends.

* * *

"Laddie," the beautiful sheep dog in the Paramount picture, "The Bonnie Briar Bush," became so attached to Donald Crisp, the director, that he could not be induced to return home. He remained "on set" during the entire filming of the picture, then accompanied the players to the station, when they were returning to London. "Laddie" jumped into the carriage with Mr. Crisp, and could not be ejected. "Want to keep him," shouted the old farmer. "Sure thing!" Mr. Crisp shouted back. "Well, you're welcome," was the answer. So this explains "Laddie's" daily presence at the London studio, where he is at present engaged in making friends and enemies of a colony of harmless and necessary studio cats.

Owing to having contracted a cold, which flew to her throat, "No performance" cards had to be hung on the Wellington Opera House doors on April 3. Miss Tempest was still suffering the following evening, yet played bravely and well.

On Opera Singers.

A Penetrating and Unprejudiced Analysis.

The "Musical Courier" (New York) offers some definitions on opera singers:—

Tenor—A male singer whose top notes are almost as high as the opinion he has of himself. Usually plays the part of the hero in opera—and only in opera. Rolls his "r's and his eyes. Dislikes critics who do not praise him. Favourite occupation—looking in the mirror.

Prima Donna—A female singer, usually soprano, who has risen to the top of the vocal ranks, and does not care how many persons know it. She gets the best of the dressing-rooms and the best of the manager. Loves to be called a star, which, technically speaking, means a "heavenly body." (Most prima donnas have not.) Generally an unconquerable lust for diamonds and newspaper notoriety. Feeds on throat pastilles and applause. Nearly always travels with a female relative who looks downtrodden. Favourite occupation—reading "roasts" about other prima donnas, and telling of her triumphs in exotic countries.

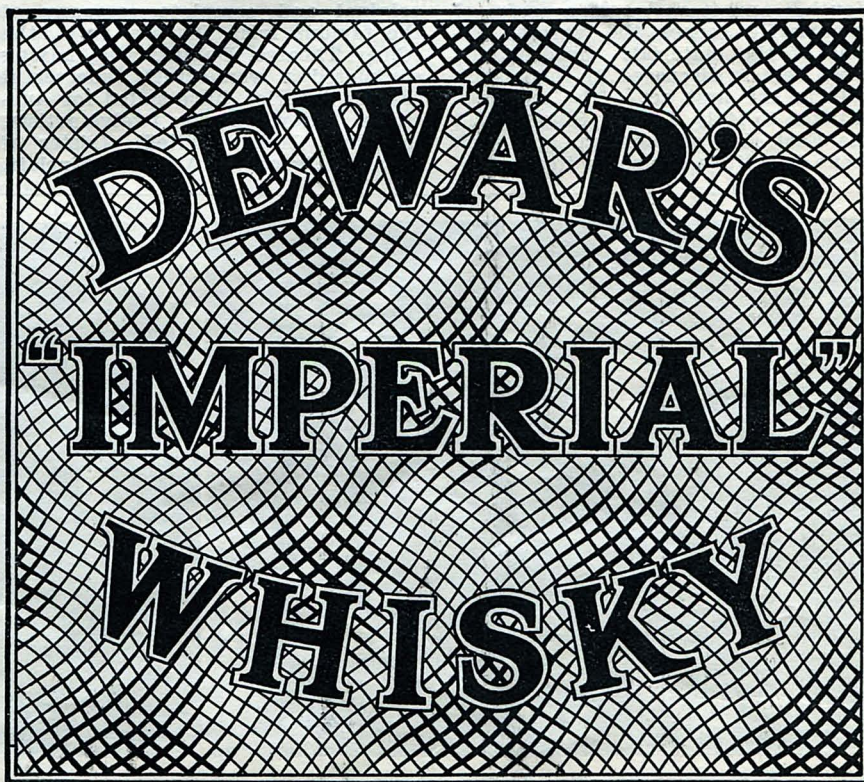
Contralto—Customarily the mother, governess, older sister, or villainess of opera. In real life frequently is married to the second or third tenor, and is a model mother. Opposed to the

"star" system, and prefers ensemble opera for the sake of art. Favourite occupation—trying to be a soprano. Pet aversion—being referred to in the papers as the "rest of the cast were capable," or "the other roles were rendered adequately."

Baritone—A proud, reserved person, with a semi-deep voice and wholly deep designs on all unprotected females in opera whom the plot requires to be in love with the tenor. A baritone is at his best when holding his right hand aloft and singing a revenge ending on the words "maladetta" or "morte." To be sure of success in such a number, he must stamp his foot violently several times during the singing, and at the end of the piece hold the last note fortissimo, the meanwhile running off the stage.

Basso—The lowest kind of singer. Nearly always married to the second or third soprano. Sings the roles of priest, father, king, or military commander. For some reason or other, librettists make bassos either exceedingly malignant or uncommonly benign, but never allow them the very human luxury of falling in love. Arias of warning, denunciation, exposition, and recapitulation are the shining specialties of bassos. Off the stage bassos are fond of children and of ordering large portions of food in restaurants.

Mr. Marshall Miller, who is personal manager for the Harry Musgrove, is renewing his acquaintance with old New Zealand friends after a year's absence.



Coming Theatrical Productions.

"Johnny, Get Your Gun"

On Saturday night, March 4, the long-looked-for first appearance in Australia of Louis Bennisson took place at Melbourne Theatre Royal. The famous romantic actor was seen in "Johnny, Get Your Gun," the farcical entertainment in which he played the leading role for over three years throughout America. A particularly strong company has been got together to support the star. It includes Marjorie Bennett, Diana Wilson, H. H. Wallace, J. B. Atholwood, Raymond Lawrence, Robert E. Homans, Lance Lister, Gwen Burroughs, Dorothy Seacombe, H. C. Nightingale, Jack Hooker, George Blunt, Harry Paulton, Nellie Mortyne, Doris Kendall, Leslie Viotor, John Bedouin, Vivian Edwards, Olive Proctor. The prologue to the play is enacted in the studio of the Durham Brand Motion Picture Corporation. The three acts of the play are set in the Burnham home, Long Island. The play was produced by Robert E. Homans and Hugh J. Ward.

"My Lady's Dress"

"My Lady's Dress," in which Emelie Polini has returned to the stage in Sydney, excited a great deal of attention when it was first produced in London. In structure it somewhat resembles "Eyes of Youth," and it shows in a series of remarkable scenes the various origins of the materials used in the gown that is discussed by the principals in the first act. The audience is taken to Italy, France, Siberia, and the East End of London, and each scene is a little drama in itself. In-

deed, there are many opportunities for brilliant dramatic work, in which the versatile Emelie Polini would particularly excel. Frank Harvey and a clever company will be associated with Miss Polini in the first Australian presentation of this play.

"The Little Dutch Girl"

"The Little Dutch Girl," which ran for eighteen months in the Lyric Theatre, London, is to be produced shortly by J. C. Williamson, Ltd., in Melbourne. This is the piece which induced the biggest library deal known in the history of the business in London. In London there is a system of speculation on the success of a piece by which agencies such as Prowse's buy up blocks of seats for so long, and then retail them to the public at a slight advance on what they have paid. The difference is their profit. In the case of this comic opera the sum of £27,000 was paid in advance for seats by the libraries.

"The First Year"

"The First Year" is the name of a comic tragedy by Frank Craven, which the Williamson firm propose to produce immediately in Melbourne. For this piece they have imported the American comedian, Phillips Tead, who has been selected for the role by the author.

Irish Players

J. C. Williamson, Ltd., announce one of the most important engagements ever made by the firm—the original and complete company of the famous Irish Players, from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who, having completed a wonderfully successful tour of America, have sailed for Australia. They comprise twelve artists, including Mairie O'Neill (sister of Sara Allgood), Arthur Sinclair,

Maureen Delaney, Nora Desmond, Sidney Morgan, Arthur Shields. They will present their original production of "The White-headed Boy," which they have played with phenomenal success in England, Ireland, and America.

"The Toreador" for Wellington

That bright and exceedingly comical musical comedy, "The Toreador," has been selected for the next production of the Wellington Amateur Operatic Society. Dates for the season have been pencilled from July 25 and the week following. Rehearsals are to commence on April 25.

Answers to Correspondents.

"INQUIRER."—The lady's age is 56 next July. Yes, we agree that she is one of the wonders of the modern English stage. No, the original Dorothy in the opera of that name was Marion Hood, who was succeeded by Marie Tempest.

"ENQUIRERS," Christchurch. — Rene Maxwell has not yet entered that blessed state, neither has Edith Drayson. Claude Flemming is a benedict, but his wife does not appear with the company.

"FLIPP."—(1) Walter George is not likely to visit Wellington for some considerable time. (2) Not decided yet, though, after the Marie Tempest season, which extends well into April, "The Beggar's Opera" may be amongst the first plays to be seen here, also "A Night Out." (3) Miss Mary Miles Minter's address is c/o the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, New York.



Scenes from James Oliver Curwood's "The Golden Snare," with LEWIS STONE and RUTH RENICK sharing stellar honours.



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FAIREST
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FOR THE LOVE
OF BETTY EDWARDS,
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AT LAST!

The Universal Film Manufacturing Coy. has listened to the outcry against Serials. The complaints of parents and school officials have been justified. The Serial had reached a stage where it had become the target for everyone because of its "horror" scenes, masked gangs and sheer absurdities.

Some of the arguments against the serial may have been far-fetched but it is certain that the "blood and thunder" chapter play has done no good—it has not improved the minds of the children and it has not earned the admiration of the adults. The Universal Film Manufacturing Coy. are the pioneer producers of the chapter play and they have felt it their responsibility to banish for good the harmful serial.

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"WINNERS OF THE WEST" is the first of these. It is taken from the historical records of the great Californian Gold rush in the year 1848. Every foot of the film is true to the history of the adventure, and the picture has been endorsed by educational authorities all over the world.

"WITH STANLEY IN AFRICA," and "ROBINSON CRUSOE" are already in the course of production at Universal City and they will be followed by productions equally commendable. The serial from now on will be a clean, vigorous, wholesome production, and it will occupy a place of pride on every first-class theatre's programme.

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